H. BARON
Music and Books
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LONDON, N.W.2., ENGLAND

Hillsboro, 1985

115 songs

THE

Caledonian

MUSICAL REPOSITORY;

a Selection of esteemed

SCOTTISH SONGS,

adapted for the Voice, Violin

& *German Flute.*

EDINBURGH.

Published by Oliver & Co.

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THE Publishers offer the following COLLECTION of SCOTTISH SONGS to the Public, relying entirely on the merits of the Work for its success.

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The Publishers are therefore hopeful, that the CALEDONIAN MUSICAL REPOSITORY, both in the Selection of the Songs, and in the Accuracy of the Music, will be found no way inferior to any publication of the kind, and not unworthy the attention of the Public.

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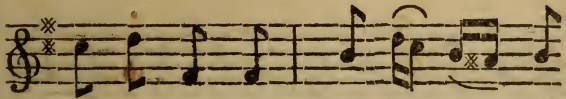
THE

CALEDONIAN

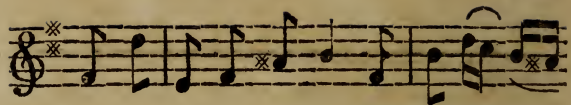
Musical Repository.

CALEDONIA.

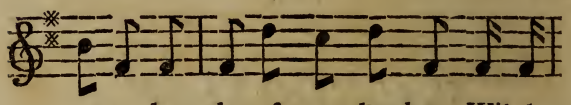
THEIR groves of sweet myrtles, let foreign



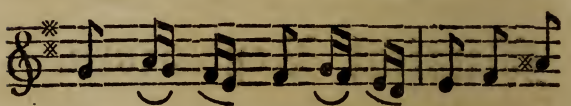
lands reck-on, Where bright beam-ing sum-



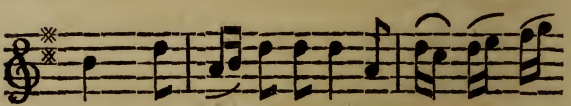
mers exhale their perfume: Far dear-er to



me yon lone glen of green brecken, Wi' the

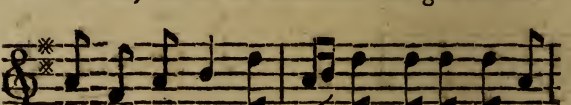


burn steal - ing un - der the lang yel - low

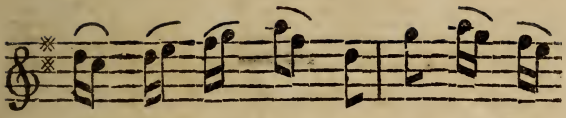


broom. Far dear-er to me yon humble broom

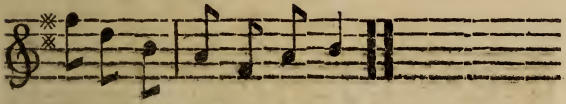
bowers, Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk



low-ly unseen; For there lightly tripping a-



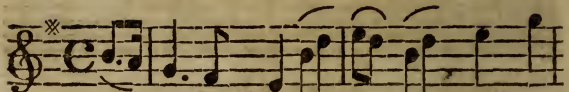
mang the wild flowers, A - list - ning the



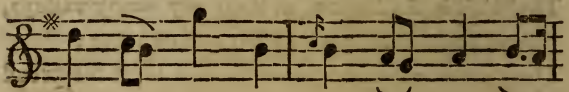
linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze, in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain:
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains of his Jean.

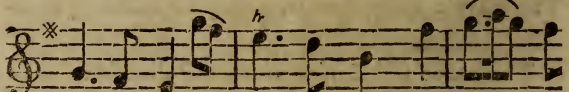
ETTRICK BANKS.



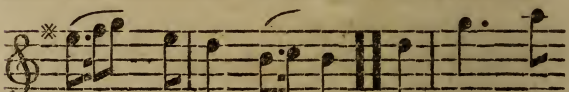
On Ettrick banks, ae summer's night, At



gloaming when the sheep came hame, I



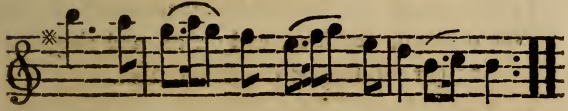
met my lassie, braw and tight, Come wa-ding



bare--foot a' her lane: My heart grew

light; I ran, and flang My arms about her

li - ly neck, I kiss'd and clap'd her there fu'



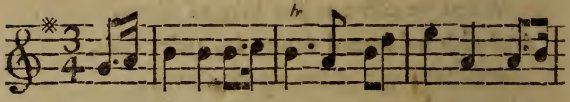
lang, My words they were na mo-ny feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye gang
To the Highland hills, some Earse to learn?
And I'll gie thee baith cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomilaw;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

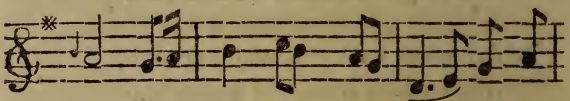
A' day when we hae wrought enough,
When winter frosts and snaws begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead her to my simmer shield.
There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That mak the kindly heart their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

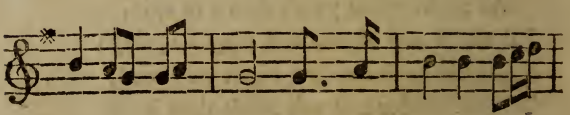
FAREWEL TO LOCHABER.



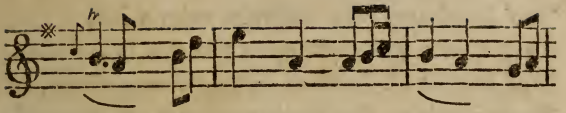
FAREWEL to Loch-a-ber, and farewel my



Jean, Where heart-some with thee I hae

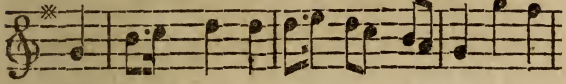


mo-ny days been; For Loch-a-ber no

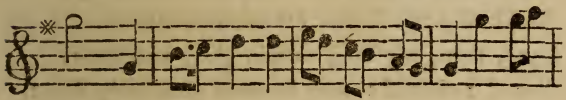


more, Loch - a -- ber no more, We'll

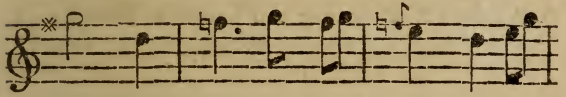
may - be re - turn to Loch-a-ber no more.



These tears that I shed they are a' for my

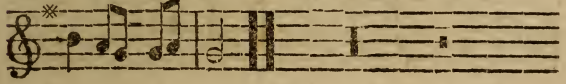


dear, And no for the dangers at-tending on



weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a

far bloody shore, Maybe to re-turn to Loch-

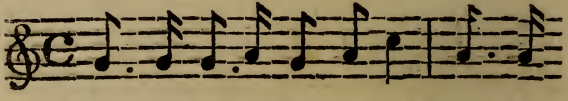


a - ber no more.

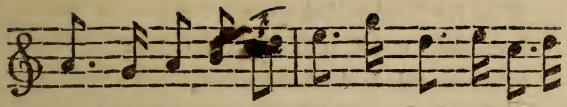
Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae, then, my lass, to win glory and fame,
And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

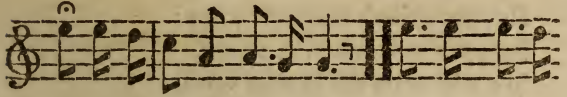
KING ROBERT'S ADDRESS.



Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled; Scots, wham



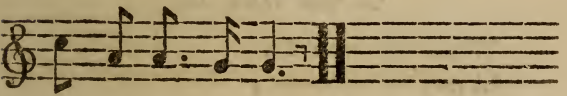
Bruce has af-ten led; Welcome to your gory



bed, Or to glorious victo-ry! Now's the day, and

now's the hour! See the front of bat-tle lour!

See approach proud Edward's pow'r! Edward,



chains, and sla-ve-ry!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian, on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains;
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low;
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe;
Liberty's in ev'ry blow!
Forward—let us do or die.

WEEL MAY WE A' BE.

TO THE SAME AIR.

Weel may we a' be,
Ill may we never see;
Here's to the king
And the good company.
Fill, fill a bumper high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him, fie! O fie!
That winna do't again.

Here's to the king, boys !
Ye ken wha I mean, boys ;
And ev'ry honest man, boys,
That will do't again.
Fill, fill, &c.

Here's to a' the chieftains
Of the gallant Scottish clans ;
They hae done it mair than anes,
And they'll do't again.
Fill, fill, &c.

When the pipes begin to strum
Tutti, taitie, to the drum,
Out claymore, and down the gun,
And to the knaves again.
Fill, fill, &c.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

TO THE SAME AIR.

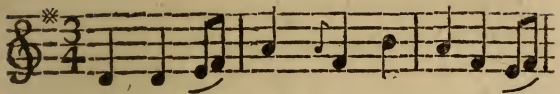
I'm wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa, Jean,
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean;
The day is ay fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

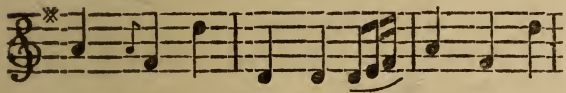
Ye've been leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you, Jean,
To the land o' the leal.,
Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean;
And we grudg'd her right sair, Jean,
To the land o' the leal.

Dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.
Then fareweel my ain Jean;
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and ay be fain, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

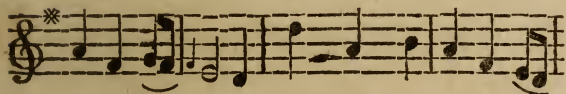
DONALD AND FLORA.



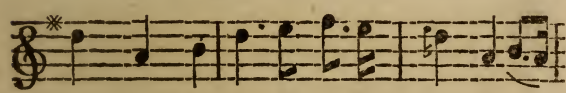
WHEN mer-ry hearts were gay, Careless of



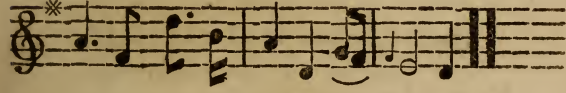
ought but play, Poor Flo-ra slipt a-way,



Sad'ning to Mora: Loose flow'd her yellow hair,



Quick heav'd her bosom bare, And thus to the



troubled air, She vented her sorrow:

" Loud howls the northern blast,
" Bleak is the dreary wast;—
" Haste then, O Donald, haste,
" Haste to thy Flora.
" Twice twelve long months are o'er,
" Since on a foreign shore
" You promis'd to fight no more,
" But meet me in Mora."

' Where now is Donald dear?'
(Maids cry with taunting sneer);
' Say, is he still sincere
' To his lov'd Flora?'—
" Parents upbraid my moan;
" Each heart is turn'd to stone;
" Ah, Flora! thou'rt now alone,
" And friendless in Mora!

" Come then, O come away!
" Donald! no longer stay!
" Where can my rover stray
" From his lov'd Flora?
" Ah! sure he ne'er could be
" False to his vows and me!
" Heavens! is't not yonder he,
" Comes bounding o'er Mora?"

' Never, O wretched fair!'
(Sigh'd the sad messenger,)

‘ Never shall Donald mair
‘ Meet his lov’d Flora !
‘ Cold as yon mountain’s snow,
‘ Donald, thy love, lies low !
‘ He sent me to soothe thy woe,
‘ While weeping in Mora.

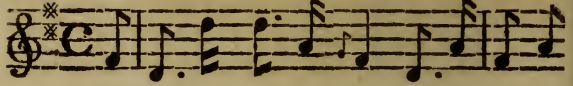
‘ Well fought our valiant men
‘ On Saratoga’s plain ;
‘ Thrice fled the hostile train
‘ From British glory.
‘ But, though our foes did flee,
‘ Sad was each victory !
‘ For youth, love, and loyalty,
‘ Fell far, far from Mora !

‘ Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
‘ Donald, expiring, said ;
‘ Give it to yon dear maid,
‘ Drooping in Mora :
‘ Tell her, O Allan, tell !
‘ Donald thus bravely fell,
‘ And that in his last farewel
‘ He thought on his Flora !’

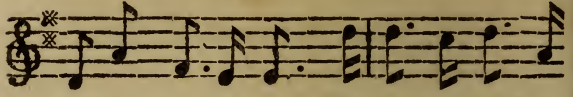
Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair !

Striking her bosom bare,
She sigh'd, " Poor Flora !
" Oh Donald !—well-a-day !"—
Flora no more could say ;
At length the sound died away
For ever in Mora !

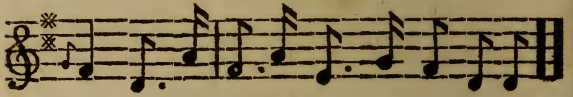
THE LASS IN YON TOWN.



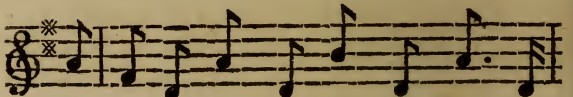
O WAT ye wha's in yon town, Ye see the



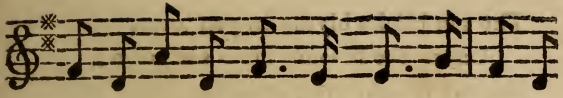
e'en-ing sun u - pon ? The dear-est maid's in



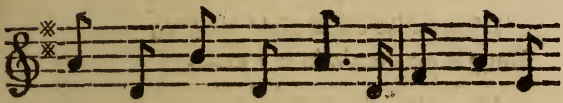
yon town, His setting beams ere shone upon.



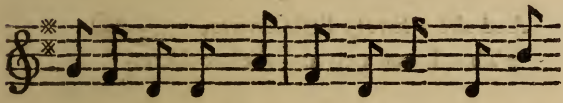
Now hap - ly down yon gay green shaw, She



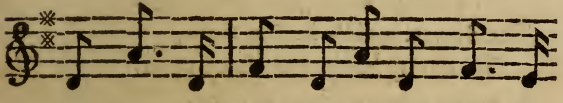
wanders by yon spreading tree; How blest ye



flow'rs that round her blaw, Ye catch the glan-

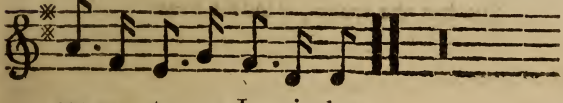


ces o' her ee. How blest ye birds that round



her sing, And wan-ton in the bloom-ing

year; But doubly welcome be the spring, The

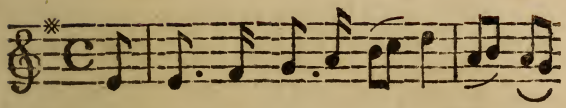


sea-son to my Jea-nie dear.

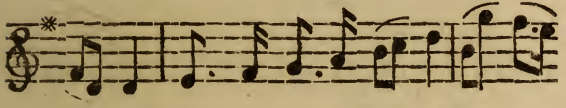
The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
Amang the broomy braes sae green;
But my delight's in yon town,
And dearest pleasure is my Jean.
Without my fair, not a' the charms
O' paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.
My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinkin sun's gaun down upon;
The dearest maid's in yon town,
His setting beam e'er shone upon.
If angry fate be sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
I'd careless quit ought here below;
But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.
For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart;
For as most lovely is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

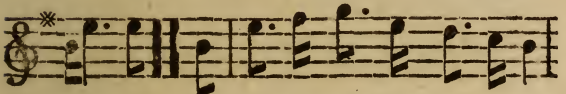
THE LAMMY.



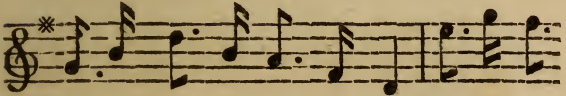
O WHARE hae ye been a' day, my boy



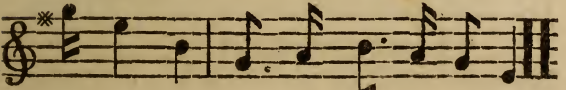
Tammy? Whare hae ye been a' day, my boy



Tammy? I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,



Meadow green, and mountain grey, Courting o'



this young thing, just come frae her mammy.

And whare gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?
And whare gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?
I gat her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding a' wee lamb and ewe, for her poor mammy.

What said ye to that young thing, my boy Tammy?
What said ye to that young thing, my boy Tammy?
I prais'd her een sae bonny blue,
Her dimpl'd cheek, and cherry mou';
I prie'd it aft, as ye may trow; she said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating breast; "My young,
"my smiling lammy;"
I held her to my beating breast; "My young,
"my smiling lammy,
"I hae a house, it cost me dear,
"I've walth o' plenishin and gear,
"Ye'se get it a', war't ten times mair, gin ye will
"leave your mammy."

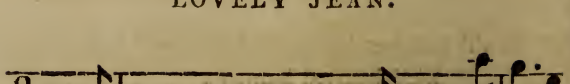
The smile gade aff her bonny face; "I manna
"leave my mammy;"
The smile gade aff her bonny face; "I manna
'leave my mammy;

" She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,
" She's been my comfort a' my days ;
" My daddy's death brought mony waes ; I canna
" leave my mammy."

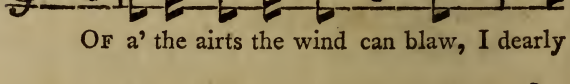
" We'll tak her hame, and mak her fain, my ain
" kind-hearted lammy ;
" We'll tak her hame, and mak her fain, my ain
" kind-hearted lammy ;
" We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
" We'll be her comfort a' her days ;"
The wee thing gies her hand, and says, " There !
" gang and ask my mammy."

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy ?
Has she been to the kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy ?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee,—
But oh ! she's but a young thing, just come frae her mammy.

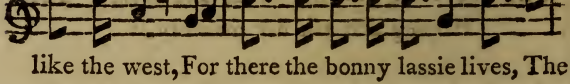
LOVELY JEAN.



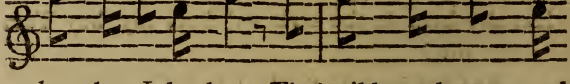
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dearly



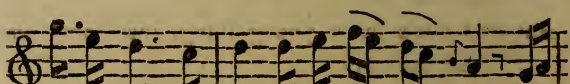
like the west, For there the bonny lassie lives, The



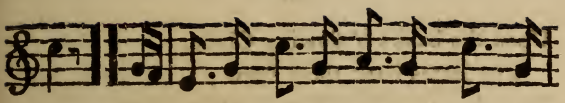
lass that I loe best: Tho' wild woods grow, and



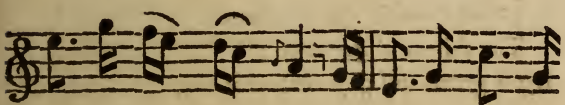
rivers row, Wi' mo-nie a hill between, Baith



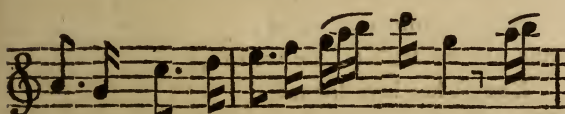
day and night, my fancy's flight Is e-ver wi' my



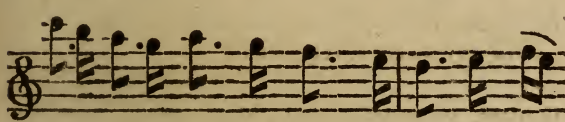
Jean. I see her in the dewy flow'r, Sae



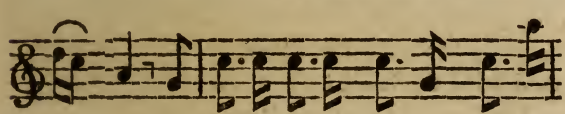
love-ly, sweet, and fair; I hear her voice in



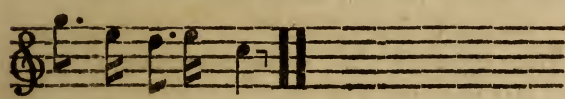
il--ka bird, Wi' music charm the air: There's



not a bonny flow'r that springs, By fountain, shaw,



or green, Nor yet a bonny bird that sings, But



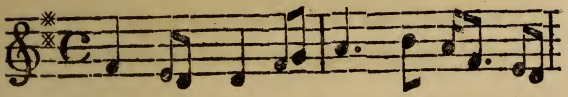
minds me o' my Jean.

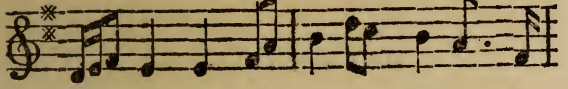
Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde,
The lasses busk them braw ;
But when their best they hae put on,
My Jeanie dings them a' ;
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the town ;
Baith grave and gay confess it sae,
Tho' drest in russet gown.
The gamesome lamb that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be ;
She has nae fau't (if sic we ca't,)
Except her love for me :
The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,
Is like her shining een ;
In shape and air, wha can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean ?

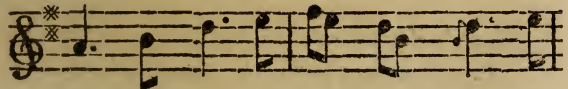
O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees ;
Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees,
And bring the lassie back to me
That's ay sae neat and clean ;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.
What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
Hae past atween us twa !

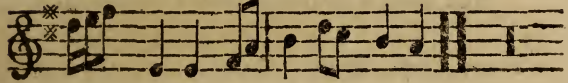
How fain to meet, how wae to part
That day she gade awa :
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean !

BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.









But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonny lad o' Galla water.

Although his daddy was nae laird,
And though I hae nae muckle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was gold, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O! that's the choicest warld's treasure.

MARY'S CHARMS.

TO THE SAME AIR.

MARY'S charms subdu'd my breast,
Her glowing youth, her manner winning;
My faithful vows I fondly press'd,
And mark'd the sweet return beginning.

Fancy kindly on my mind
Yet paints that ev'ning's dear declining,

When, raptur'd first, I found her kind,
Her melting soul to love resigning.

Years of nuptial bliss have roll'd,
And still I've found her more endearing ;
Each wayward passion she controul'd,
Each anxious care, each sorrow cheering.

Children now, in ruddy bloom,
With artless look attention courting,
With infant smiles dispel each gloom,
Around our hut so gaily sporting.

GALLA WATER.

TO THE SAME AIR.

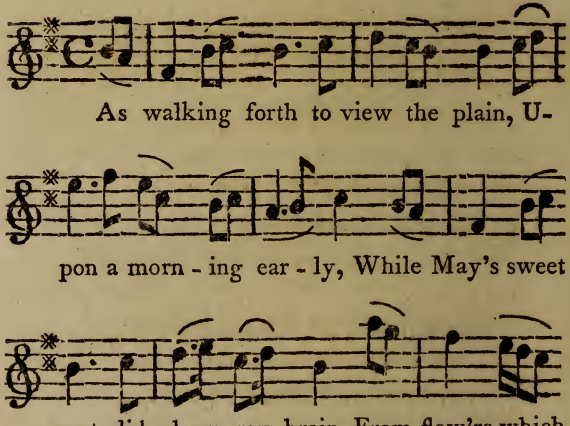
Braw, braw lads of Galla water,
O braw lads of Galla water !
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

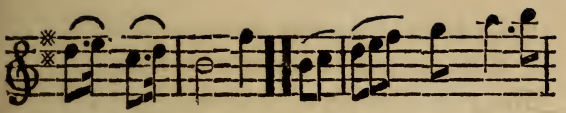
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie ;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss, she's ay my dearie.

Owre yon bank, and owre yon brae,
Owre yon moss amang the heather;
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

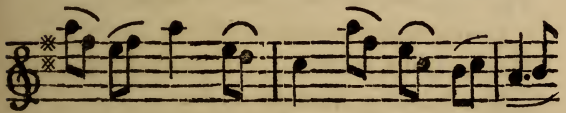
Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

KATH'RINE OGIE.

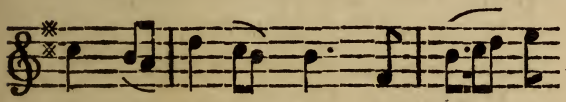




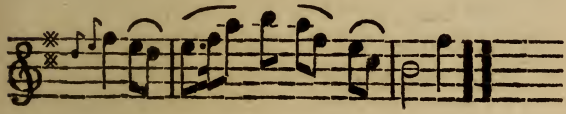
grew so rare-ly; I chanc'd to meet a



pret-ty maid, She shin'd, tho' it was fog-



gie: I ask'd her name; Sweet Sir, she



said, My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid so neatly:
Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
Like lilies in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee:
Thy handsome air and graceful look,
Excels each clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O! were I but some shepherd swain,
To feed my flock beside thee;
At bughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee.
I'd think myself a happier man,
Wi' Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dangerous stations,
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conquering nations,
Might I caress, and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie;
For they are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,

Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and foggie;
Pity my case, ye Powers above!
Else I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

HIGHLAND MARY.

TO THE SAME AIR.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams, around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie:
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
Of my dear Highland Mary.

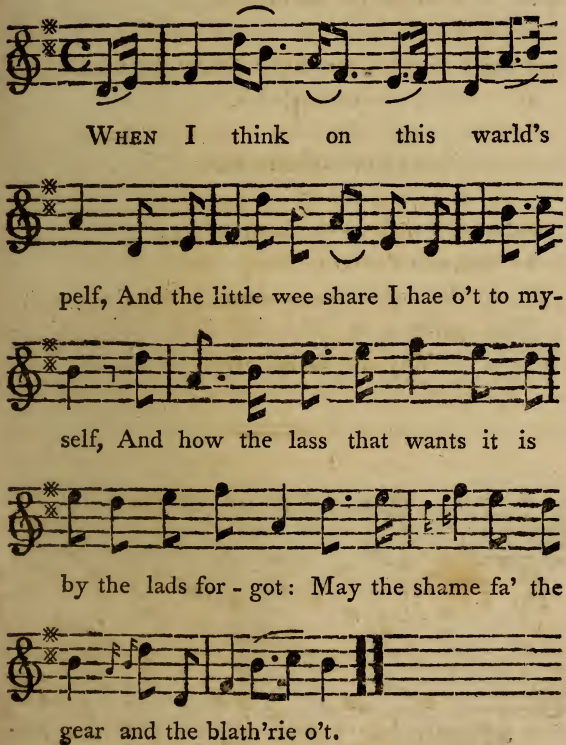
How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;

For dear to me, as light and life,
  Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
  Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
  We tore ourselves asunder.
But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
  That nipt my flow'r so early ;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
  That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
  I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
  That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
  That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core,
  Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE BLATH'RIE O'T.

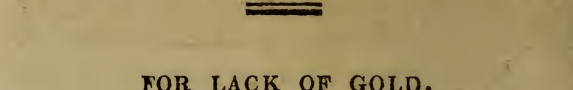

When I think on this warld's
pelf, And the little wee share I hae o't to my-
self, And how the lass that wants it is
by the lads for - got: May the shame fa' the
gear and the blath'rie o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh ;
He thinks nae mair o' me that wears the plaiden coat:
May the shame, &c.

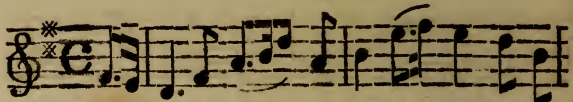
Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her silken attire ;
And Jockie says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot:
May the shame, &c.

But a' this shall never daunton me,
As lang as I keep my fancy free ;
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he is not worth a groat :
May the shame, &c.

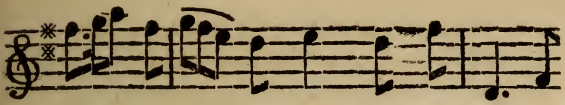
FOR LACK OF GOLD.



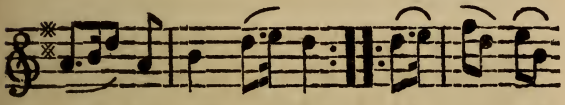
For lack of gold she's left me, O, And of



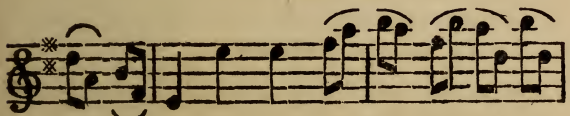
all that's dear be-reft me, O ; She me for-



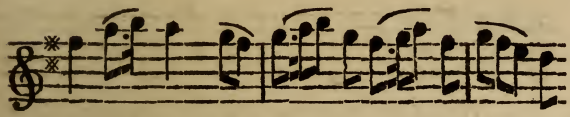
sook for a great duke, And to end - less



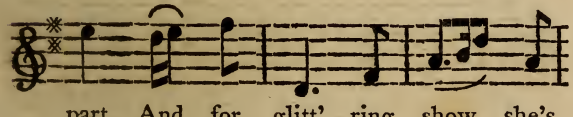
care has left me, O. A star and



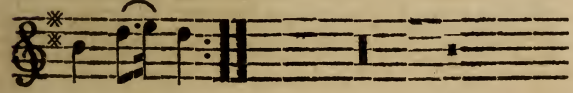
gar-ter have more art, Than youth, a true and



faithfu' heart; For emp - ty ti - tles we must



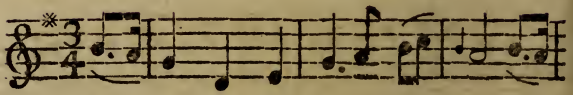
part, And for glitt' - ring show she's



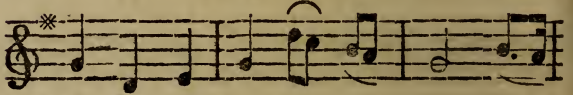
left me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love ;
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me, O.
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
Resign my faithless, lovely fair ;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Tho' she has ever left me, O.

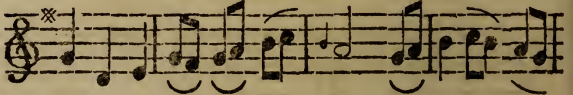
TWEEDSIDE.



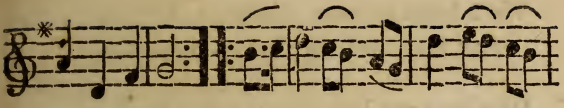
WHAT beauties does Flo-ra disclose, How



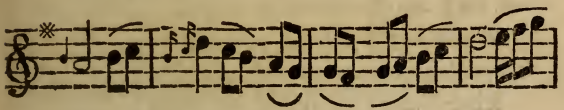
sweet are her smiles up-on Tweed ! But



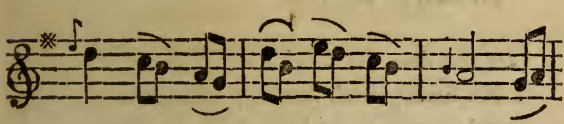
Mary's still sweeter than those, Both nature and



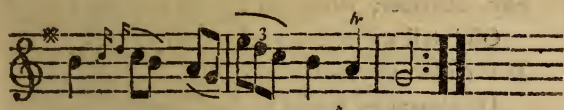
fancy exceed. No daisy, nor sweet-blushing



rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor



Tweed glid - ing gen - tly thro' those, Such



beau - ty and plea-sure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring.

We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest:
Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
Is it on the sweet-winding Tay,
Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

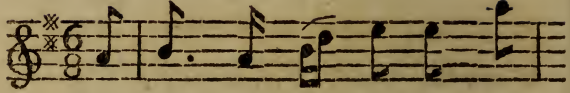
ORIGINAL OF TWEEDSIDE.

TO THE SAME AIR.

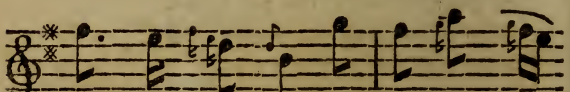
When Maggy and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie;
Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink sae bonny as she.
I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang,
I woo'd, but I cam nae great speed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell;
My tears did my passion express:
Alas! for I lo'ed her owre well,
And the women lo'e sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her price had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

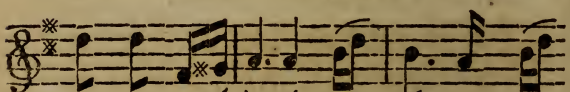
THE SONG OF DEATH.



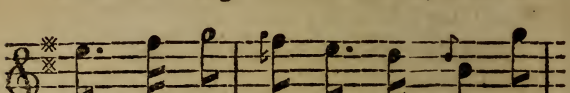
FARE-WEL, thou fair day, thou green



earth, and ye skies, Now gay with the

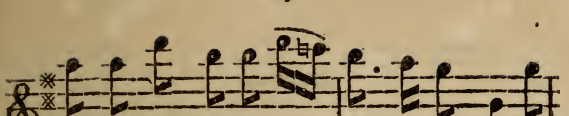


broad set--ting sun! Fare-wel, loves and

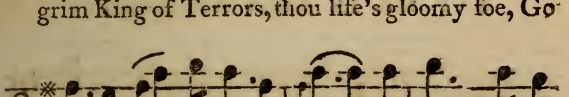


friendships, ye dear ten-der ties; Our

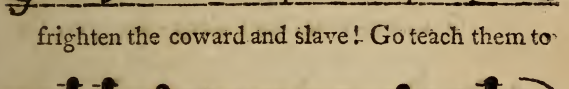
race of ex-ist-ence is run. Thou



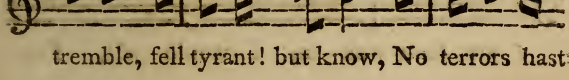
grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe, Go



frighten the coward and slave! Go teach them to



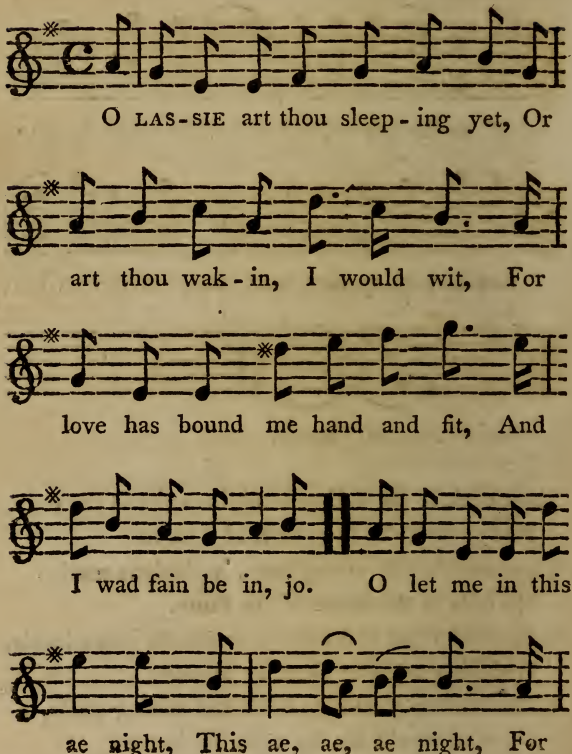
tremble, fell tyrant! but know, No terrors hast

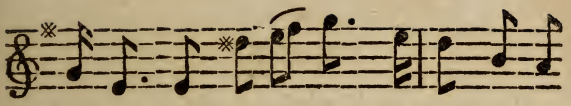


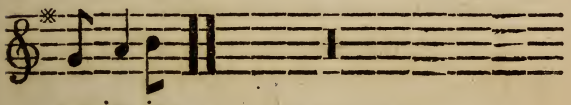
thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves ev'n the wreck of a name:
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our King and our Country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!

LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.


O LAS-SIE art thou sleep-ing yet, Or
art thou wak-in, I would wit, For
love has bound me hand and fit, And
I wad fain be in, jo. O let me in this
ae night, This ae, ae, ae night, For





Out o'er the moss, out o'er the muir,
I came, this dark and dreary hour,
And here I stand without the door,
Amid the pouring storm, jo.
O let me in, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet,
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
O' a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

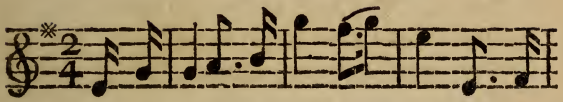
O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain;
Gae back the gate you cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

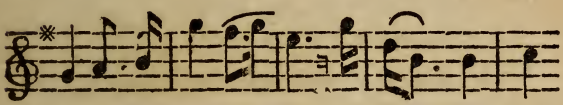
The sweetest flow'r that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed:
Let simple maids the lesson read,
The weird may be their ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

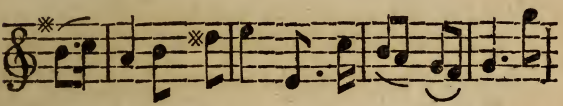
THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.



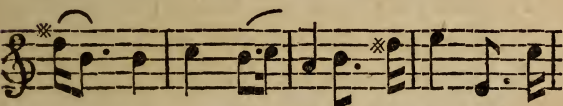
WILL ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion, And



wear in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet,



my Marion, But nae hauf sae sweet as thee. The



sun shines sweet, my Marion, But nae hauf sae

sweet as thee.

My Marion's a bonny lass,
The blythe blinks ay in her ee:
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow, and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

And yese get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' Lon'on brown,
Then vow but ye will be vap'rin,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
Wi' kirtle of the cramasie;
And sae soon's my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see thee.

HOW BLYTHE HAE I BEEN.

TO THE SAME AIR.

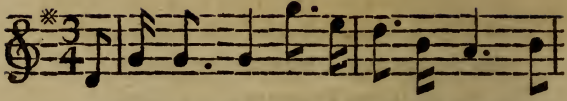
How blythe hae I been wi' my Sandy,
As we sat in the howe o' the glen!
But nae mair can I meet wi' my Sandy,
To the banks o' the Rhine he is gane.

Alas! that the trumpet's loud clarion
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar;
O could na the ewe-bughts and Marion
Please mair than the horrors o' war!

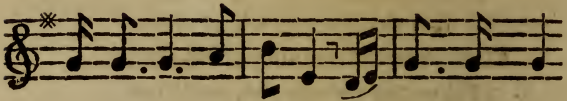
Not a plough in our land has been ganging;
The ousen hae stood in their sta';
Nae flails in our barns hae been banging,
For mair than a towmond or twa.

Waes me, that the trumpet's shrill clarion
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar!
O, I wish that the ewe-bughts and Marion
Could charm frae the horrors o' war.

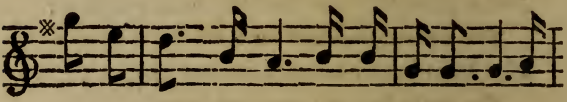
I HAD A HORSE.



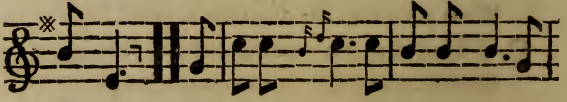
I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair, I



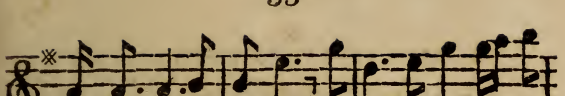
gat it frae my daddie; My purse was light,



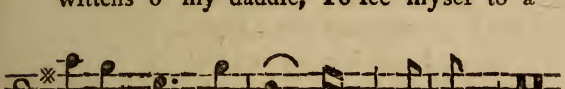
and my heart was sair, But my wit it was fu'



ready. So I bethought me on a time, Out-



wittens o' my daddie, To fee mysel to a



Lawland laird, Wha had a bonny la-dy.

I wrote a letter, and thus began:
" Madam, be not offended;
" I'm owre the lugs in love wi' you,
" And I carena though ye kend it;
" For I get little frae the laird,
" And far less frae my daddy,
" Yet I wad blythely be the man
" Wad strive to please my lady."

She read my letter, and she leugh;
" Ye needna been sae blate, man,
" Ye might hae come to me yoursel,
" And tauld me a' your state, man.
" Ye might hae come to me yoursel,
" Outwittens o' ony body,
" And made John Goukston o' the laird,
" And kiss'd his bonny lady."

Then she pat siller in my purse,
We drank wine in a cogie;
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And vow, but I was vogie!
But I ne'er gat sae sair a fleg
Since I cam frae my daddie;
The laird cam rap, rap! to the yett,
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me behint a chair,
And hap'd me wi' a plaidy,
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddie.
The laird gade out, he saw na me,
I staid till I was ready;
I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
To see his bonny lady.

O POORTITH CAULD.

TO THE SAME AIR.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye break my peace between ye!
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
If 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Love's dearest band untwining!
Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love
Depend on fortune's shining.

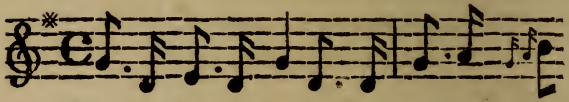
This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't,
Fie, fie, on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why should fate, &c.

Her een, sae bonny blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword ay,
She talks o' rank and fashion.
O why should fate, &c.

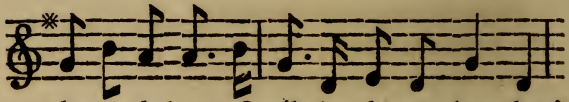
O wha can prudence think upon,
Wi' sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am.
O why should fate, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He wooes his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never mak him eerie.
Then why should fate sic pleasure have,
Love's dearest band untwining?
Or sic a tender flow'r as love
Depend on fortune's shining.

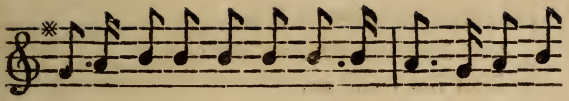
WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.



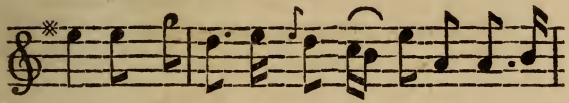
WILT thou be my dearie, When sorrow wrings



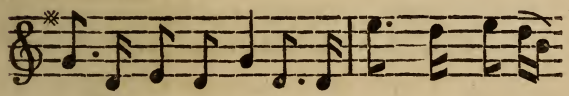
thy gentle heart, O wilt thou let me cheer thee?



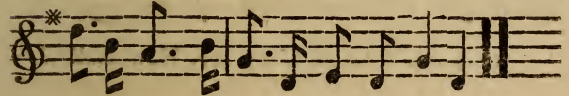
By the treasure of my soul, And that's the love I



bear thee, I swear and vow that only thou Shalt



e-ver be my dearie: I swear and vow that

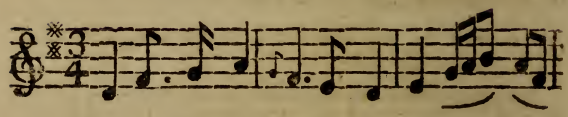


only thou Shalt e-ver be my dearie.

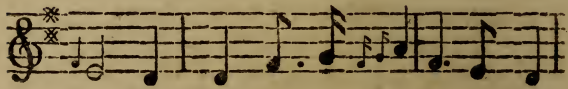
Lassie, say thou loes me;
And if thou winna be my ain,
O say na thou'll refuse me.
If it manna, canna be,
That thou for thine may choose me;
Then let me, Jeanie, quickly die,
Ay trusting that thou loes me.

Flower of beauties, hear me,
And dinna treat me wi' disdain;
A' ither ills I fear na,
Gin thou wad only smile on him
Could part wi' life to please thee;
Of joys on earth I'll ask nae mair,
Gin thou wilt be my dearie.

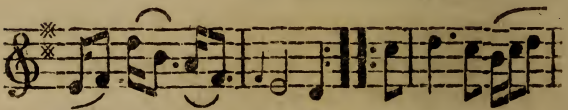
I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.



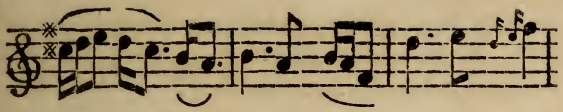
ONE day I heard Mary say, How shall I



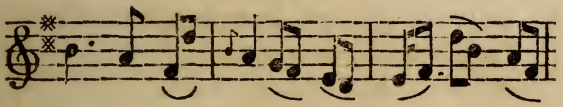
leave thee? Stay, dear-est A - - do - nis, stay!



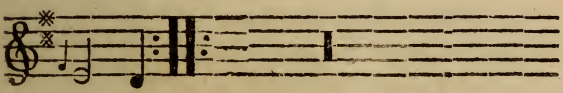
Why wilt thou grieve me? Alas! my fond



heart will break, If thou should leave me! I'll



live and die for thy sake, Yet ne - ver



leave thee.

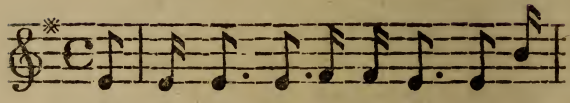
Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love to grieve thee?
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may'st believe me;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguish soothe?
This breast shall receive thee.

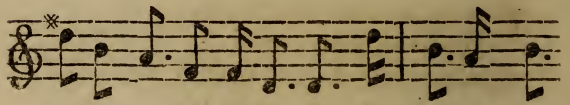
My passion shall ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, lad, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me sad;
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

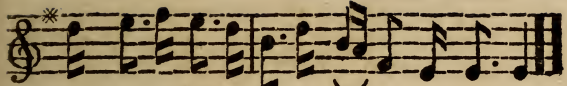
HIGHLAND HARRY.



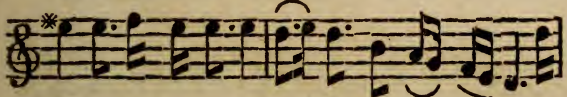
My Har - ry was a gal-lant gay, Fu'



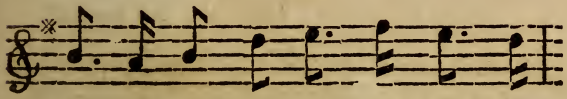
stately strade he on the plain; But now he's ba-



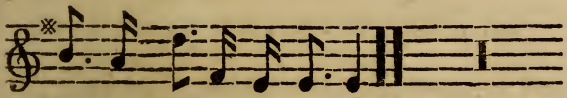
nish'd far away, I'll never see him back again.



O for him back again! O for him back again! I



wad gie a' Knock-has-pie's land, For

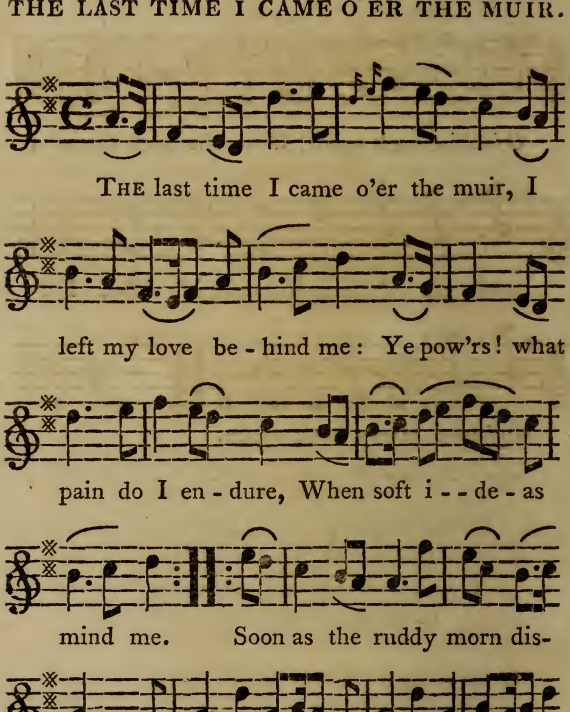


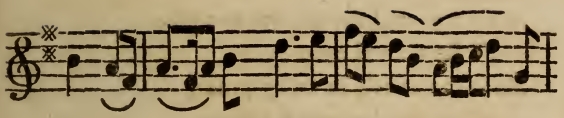
Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I sit me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

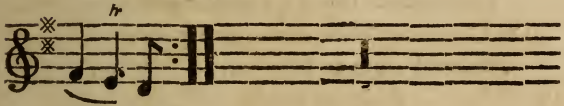
O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain;
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.


THE last time I came o'er the muir, I
left my love be - hind me: Ye pow'rs! what
pain do I en - dure, When soft i - - de - as
mind me. Soon as the ruddy morn dis-
play'd The beaming day en-suing, I met be-



times my love-ly maid, In fit re--treats for



woo-ing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover;
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

YOUNG PEGGY BLOOMS.

TO THE SAME AIR.

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning;
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With pearly gems adorning.

Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

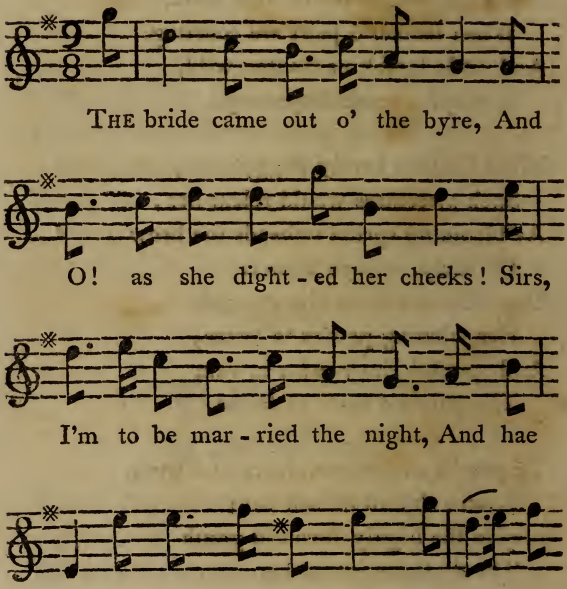
Her lips more than the cherry's bright,
A richer dye has grac'd them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them.
Her smile is like the ev'ning mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

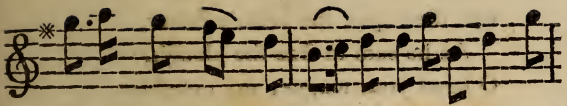
Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her;
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning pow'rs to lessen,
And spiteful Envy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye pow'rs of honour, love, and truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her.

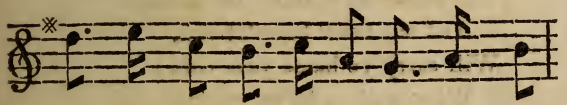
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom,
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

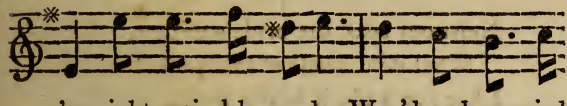

THE bride came out o' the byre, And
O! as she dight-ed her cheeks! Sirs,
I'm to be mar-ried the night, And hae
neither blan-kets nor sheets; Hae nei-ther



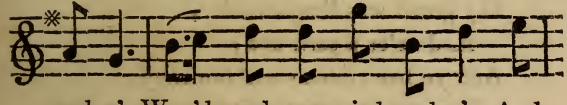
blankets nor sheets, Nor scarce a coverlet too; The



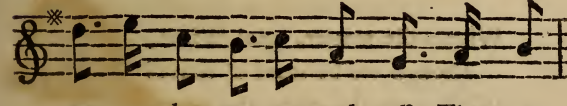
bride that has a' thing to bor - row Has



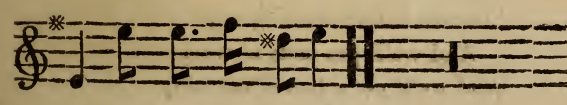
e'en right mei - kle a - do. Woo'd and married



and a', Woo'd and mar - ried and a', And



was na she ve - ry weel aff, That was



woo'd and mar-ried and a'.

Out then spak the bride's father,
As he cam in frae the pleugh,
O haud your tongue, my doughter,
And ye's get gear eneugh ;
The stirk that stands i' the tether,
And our braw baws'nt yad,
Will carry ye hame your corn ;
What wad ye be at, ye jad ?
Woo'd and married, &c.

Neist out spak the bride's mither,
What de'il needs a' this pride !
I hae nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride ;
My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava ;
And ye hae ribbons and buskings,
Far mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
Though we be scant o' claise ?
We'll creep the closer thegither,
And we'll smoor a' the fleas :
Simmer is soon coming on,
And we'll get teats o' woo,
And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
And she'll spin claise anew.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spak the bride's brither,
As he cam in wi' the kye,
Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
Ise ne'er tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spak the bride's sister,
As she cam in frae the byre,
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire.
But we poor fouk maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dinna care what I should want,
If I could get but a man.
Woo'd and married, &c.

DONALD M'DONALD.

TO THE SAME AIR.

My name it is Donald M'Donald,
I live in the Highlands sae grand;
I've follow'd our banners, and will do,
Wherever my Maker has land.
Whan rankit amang the blue bannets,
Nae danger can fear me ava;
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.
Brogues and brochen and a',
Brochen and brogues and a';
And is na she very weel aff,
Wha hae brogues and brochen and a'.

Last year we were wonderfu' canty
Our friends and our country to see;
But since the proud Consul's grown vauntie,
We'll meet him by land or by sea.
Whenever a clan is disloyal,
Wherever our king has a foe,

He'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,
Wi's Highlandmen a' in a row.
Guns and pistols and a',
Pistols and guns and a';
He'll quickly see Donald M'Donald,
Wi' guns and pistols and a'.

What though we befriendit young Charley?
To tell it I dinna think shame;
Poor lad! he cam to us but barely,
And reckon'd our mountains his hame.
'Tis true that our reason forbade us,
But tenderness carried the day;
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away.
Sword and buckler and a',
Buckler and sword and a';
For George we'll encounter the devil,
Wi' sword and buckler and a'.

And O, I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain,
For should he gie up the possession,
We'll soon hae to force them again.
Than yield up ae inch wi' dishonour,
Though it were my finishing blow.

He ay may depend on M'Donald,
Wi's Highlandmen a' in a row.
Knees and elbaws and a',
Elbaws and knees and a';
Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
His knees and elbaws and a'.

If Bonaparte land at Fort-William,
Auld Europe nae langer sall grane;
I laugh when I think how we'll gall him,
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, and wi' stane.
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Gairy,
We'll rattle him aff frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairney,
And sing him "Lochaber no more."
Stanes and bullets and a',
Bullets and stanes and a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan
Wi' stanes and bullets and a'.

The Gordon is gude in a hurry,
And Campbell is steel to the bane,
And Grant, and M'Kenzie, and Murray,
And Cameron will hurkle to nane.
The Stuart is sturdy and wannel,
And sae is M'Leod and M'Kay;

And I, their gude-brither M'Donald,
Sall ne'er be the last in the fray.
Brogues and brochen and a',
Brochen and brogues and a';
And up wi' the bonny blue bannet,
The kilt and the feather and a'.

LAIGH-COUNTRY SANDY.

TO THE SAME AIR.

My name it is Laigh-country Sandy,
Ne'er fear'd for the face of a fae;
By King and my Country I'll stand ay,
Whenever they're threaten'd wi' wae.
When arm'd, and plac'd in my station,
To march, and to front, and to wheel,
I'll fight for auld Scotland's salvation
Against baith the Dutch and the de'il.
King and people and a',
Lords and Commons and a',
Sall keep up their auld independence,
Or Sandy sall fight till he fa'.

May I get my shouthers weel clankit,
Gif e'er I tell ought but the truth

Your clans they can front it and flank it,
As weel as we lads o' the South;
Tho' Camerons, braw lads! took the gumples,
And wadna own Geordie ava,
Yet they'll hazard their necks and their rumples,
To chase the invaders awa.
Drums and trumpets and a',
Trumpets and drums and a';
They'll hazard their necks and their rumples,
To chase the invaders awa.

Yet dinna think we are less faithfu'
Than Donald's blue-banneted core,
Or yet o' our pallets mair laithfu',
Sude Frenchmen e'er land on our shore.
If e'er the tyrannical buckie,
A sword in our country sude draw,
We'll rally a', happie-go-luckie,
And chase the invaders awa.
Pikes and batons and a',
Batons and pikes and a';
We'll rattle the Corsican's shouthers
Wi' pikes and batons and a'.

Auld Scotland was never sae tipsy,
Nor strutted sae braw in her gear,
Sin' that time the Catholic gipsy
Held a' the hale kirks in a steer.

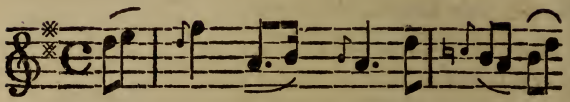
For a' their religious pother,
Baith kirkmen, seceders, and a',
They'll thraw their opinions a' throuther,
And thresh the invaders awa.
Whigs and tories and a',
Tories and whigs and a',
Will drown their debates in a bumper,
And chase the invaders awa.

The black fouk frae Symmie, that weir us
Wi' mony braw lang-nebbit words,
Sude ony great danger come near us,
Their books they will niffer for swords:
And if this mischievous birkie
Into our dear country sude come,
They'll cast a' their creeds at their a---s,
And, row-de-dow, follow the drum.
Wigs and cassocks and a',
Cassocks and wigs and a',
They'll cleek up a rusty brown Jennet,
And thunder the rascals awa.

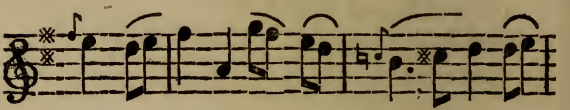
The wives and the lasses enraged,
The grit anes as weel as the poor,
Their husbands and sweethearts engaged,
They'll kick up a terrible stour.
If ever they see the Sans Cullottes,
Their ladyships winna be slaw

O' tankards and plates to mak bullets,
To pelt the invaders awa.
Tangs and pokers and a',
Pokers and tangs and a';
Wi' true Amazonian vigour,
They'll pelt the invaders awa.

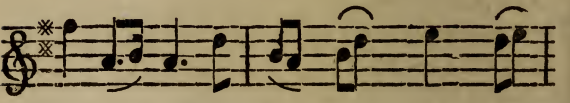
THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.



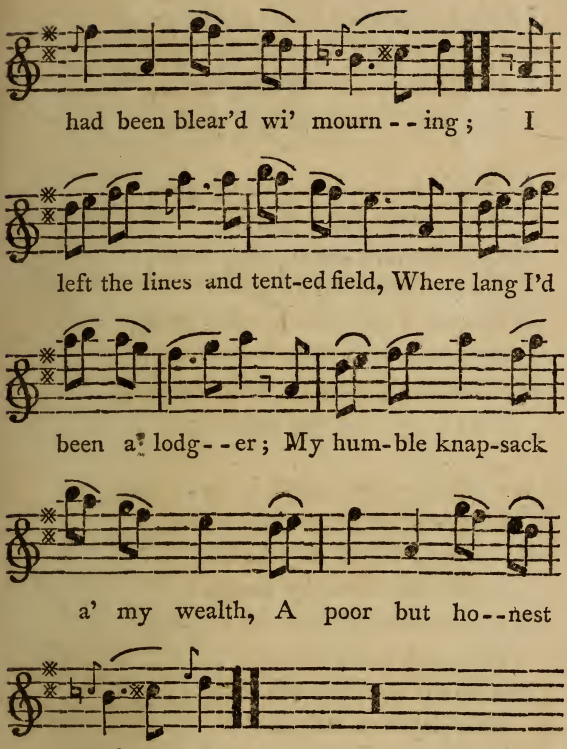
When wild war's dead - ly blast was



blawn, And gentle peace re - - turn - - ing, And



eyes a - gain wi' plea - sure beam'd, That


had been blear'd wi' mourn - - ing ; I
left the lines and tent-ed field, Where lang I'd
been a' lodg - - er ; My hum-ble knap-sack
a' my wealth, A poor but ho - - nest
sod - - - ger.

A leel light heart beat in my breast,
My hands unstain'd wi' plunder ;
And to dear Scotia hame again,
I cheerly on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching smile,
That caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported,
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted.
Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
Fain wad I be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Tak pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quoth she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him I shall never.

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't:
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose,
Syne, pale like ony lily,
She sunk within my arms, and cried,
Art thou mine ain dear Willie?
By him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man!—and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And, mair, we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailin plenish'd fairly;
Come then, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize;
The sodger's wealth is honour.

The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember, he's his country's stay,
In day and hour o' danger.

THE MILL MILL O.

TO THE SAME AIR.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
Was sleeping sound and still, O;
A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her wi' good will, O.
Her bosom I prest, but sunk in her rest,
She stirr'd na my joy to spill, O:
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill, O.

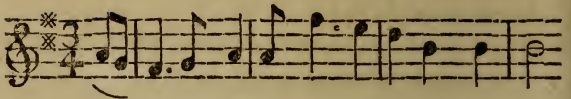
Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and skill, O,
Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
For the wind blew fair on the billow.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising Fame
Tauld me, wi' a voice right shrill, O,

My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill, O.

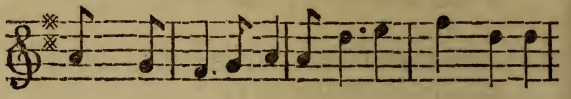
Mair fond o' her charms, wi' my son in her arms,
I ferlying spier'd how she fell, O;
Wi' the tear in her ee, quo' she, Let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell, O.
But love gave command, I took her by the hand,
And bade a' her fears expel, O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed mysel, O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the Shilling hill, O,
If I did offence, I'se mak ye amends
Before I leave Peggy's mill, O.
O the mill mill O, and the kill kill O,
And the coggin o' the wheel, O;
The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round wi' a sodger reel, O.

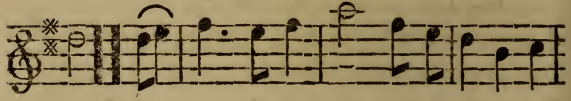
LOGIE O' BUCHAN.



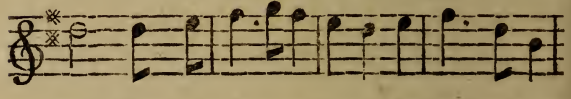
O Lo-gie o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,



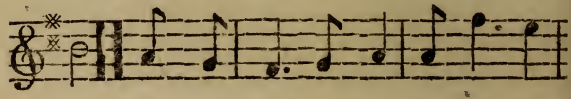
They hae ta'en awa Jamie, that delv'd in the



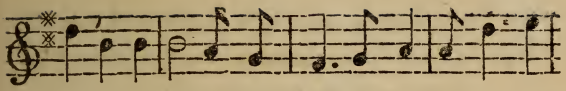
yard, Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae



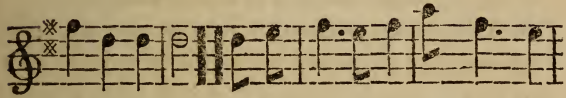
sma'; They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flow'r o' them



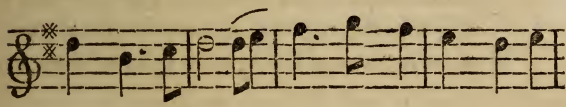
a'. He said, think na lang, las - sie, tho'



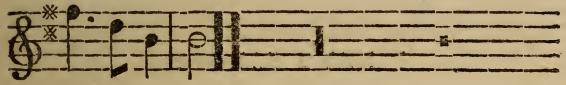
I gang awa; He said, think na lang, lassie, tho'



I gang awa: For the simmer is coming, cauld



winter's awa, And I'll come and see thee in



spite o' them a'.

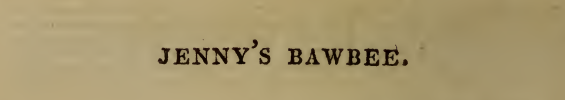
Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye;
A house and a hadden, and siller forbye:
But I'd tak my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him, wi' his houses and land.
He said, think na lang, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;

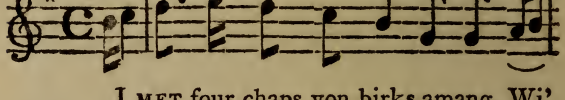
Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They are nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, think na lang, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the hauf o't when he gade awa.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa;
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

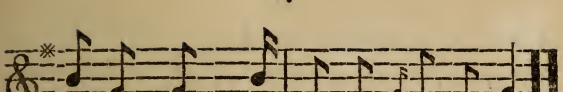
JENNY'S BAWBEE.



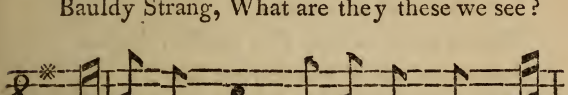
I MET four chaps yon birks amang, Wi'



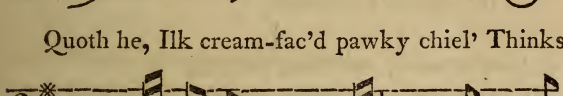
hanging lugs and faces lang; I spier'd at neibour



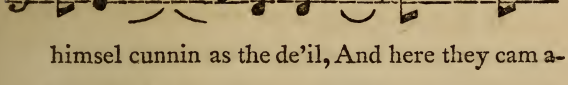
Bauldy Strang, What are they these we see?



Quoth he, Ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel' Thinks



himsel cunnin as the de'il, And here they cam a-



wa to steal Jenny's baw-bee.

The first, a captain to his trade,
Wi' ill-lin'd scull, and back weel clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And papped on his knee:
Quoth he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
"Your beauty's dazzl'd baith my een!"
But de'il a beauty he had seen
But Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bassen'd naig and siller whup;
Cried, "Here's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
"Or tie him to a tree.
"What's gowd to me, I've walth o' lan'—
"Bestow on ane o' worth your han'."
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

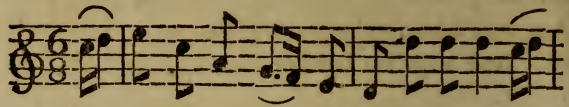
A lawyer neist, wi' bleth'rin gab,
Wi' speeches wove like ony wab;
O' ilk ane's corn he took a dab,
And a' for a fee:
Accounts he ow'd through a' the town,
And tradesmens tongues nae mair could drown;
But now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washin tubs,
A fool cam neist, but life has rubs;
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And sair besmear'd was he:
He danc'd up, squintin through a glass,
And grinn'd, "I'faith, a bonny lass."
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

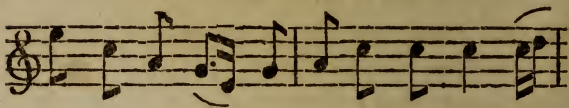
She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,
The sodger not to strut sae big,
The lawyer not to be a prig ;
The fool he cried, " Tee-hee !
" I kend that I could never fail :"
But she prinn'd the dishclout to his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnny cam, a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence ;
He took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.
Now Johnny was a clever chiel',
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
And she birl'd her bawbee.

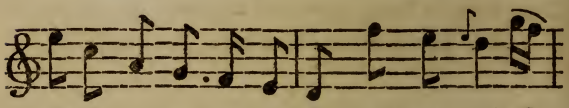
WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU.



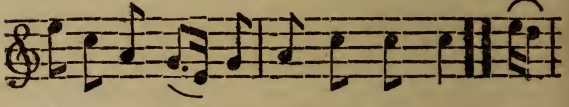
O WHISTLE and I'll come to you, my lad, O



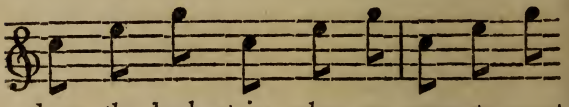
whistle and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho'



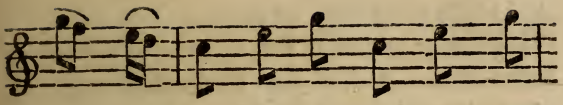
father and mother and a' should gae mad, O



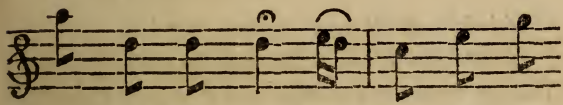
whistle and I'll come to you, my lad. Come



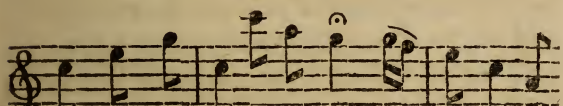
down the back stairs when ye come to court



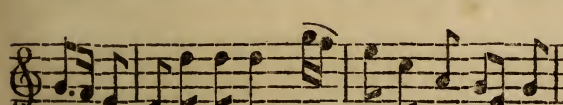
me, Come down the back stairs when ye



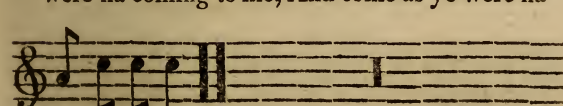
come to court me; Come down the back



stairs, and let nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye



were na coming to me, And come as ye were na



coming to me.

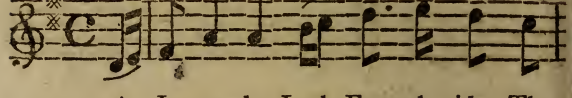
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that he car'd na a flee;
But steal me a look o' your bonny black ee,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

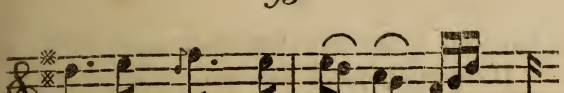
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

LOCH-ERROCH SIDE.

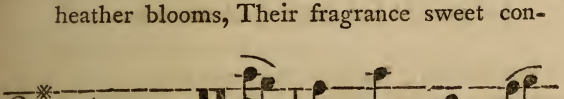
As I came by Loch-Er-roch side, The



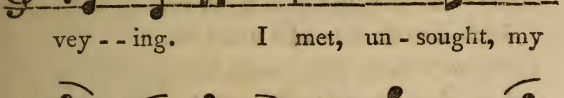
lof-ty hills sur-vey-ing, The wa-ter clear, the



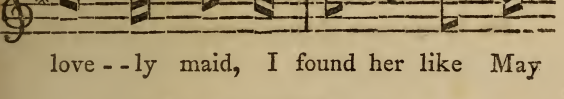
heather blooms, Their fragrance sweet con-



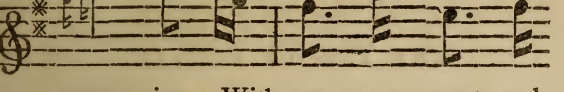
vey - - ing. I met, un - sought, my



love - - ly maid, I found her like May



morn - - ing; With gra - - ces sweet, and



charms so rare, Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
While in my arms I press'd her!
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,
As fondly I caress'd her.

She said, If that your heart be true,
  If constantly you'll love me,
I heed not cares, nor fortune's frowns,
  For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
  For ever you shall find me,
And of our meeting here so sweet,
  Loch-Erroch side will mind me.
Enraptur'd then, My lovely lass,
  I cried, no more we'll tarry!
We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,
  For lovers soon should marry.

THE LASS OF GOWRIE.

TO THE SAME AIR.

Upon a simmer afternoon,
A wee before the sun gade down,
My lassie, in a braw new gown,
  Came o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud, ting'd with morning show'r,
Blooms fresh within the sunny bow'r;
But Katie was the fairest flow'r
  That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

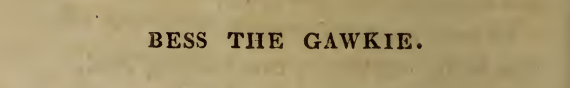
Nae thought had I to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, My dearie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak you to my father's ha',
In yon green fields beside the shaw;
I'll mak you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller grey,
My mither coft last new-year's-day,
And buskit me frae tap to tae,
To keep me out o' Gowrie.
Daft Will, short syne, cam courting Nell,
And wan the lass, but what befel,
Or whare she's gane, she kens hersel;
She staid na lang in Gowrie.

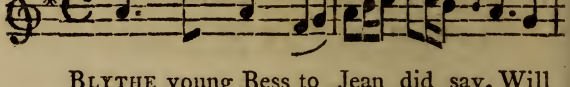
Sic thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine
Wi' beauty rare, and wit like thine;
Except yoursel, my bonny queen,
I care for nought in Gowrie.
Since first I saw you in the sheal,
To you my heart's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae de'il,
Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid;
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread;
She whisper'd modestly, and said,
O Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie!
The auld folks soon gae their consent,
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha ty'd them to their heart's content,
And now she's lady Gowrie.

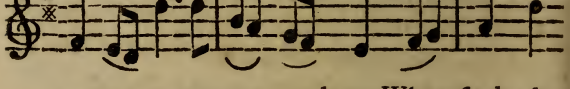
BESS THE GAWKIE.



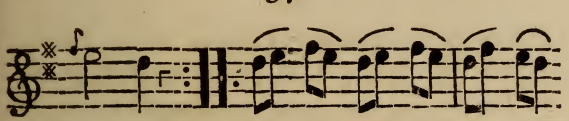
BLYTHE young Bess to Jean did say, Will

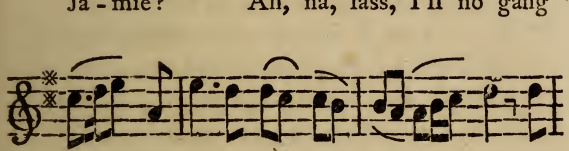


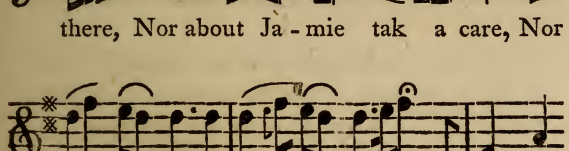
ye gang to yon sun-ny brae, Where flocks do

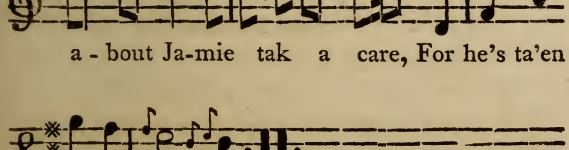


feed, And herds do stray, And sport a while wi'









For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' mickle blytheness in his face,
  Out owre the muir to Maggie:
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggie took them nae amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
  " That Bess was but a gawkie."

" For when a civil kiss I seek,
" She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
" And for an hour she'll hardly speak :
" Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie ?
" But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
" She'll gie a score without offence ;
" Now gie me ane into the mense,
" And ye shall be my dawtie."

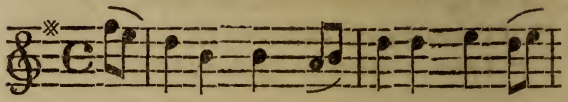
" O Jamie, ye hae mony ta'en,
" But I will never stand for ane,
" Or twa, when we do meet again,
" So ne'er think me a gawkie."
" Ah, na, lass, that canna be ;
" Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
" Or ony thy sweet face that see,
" E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But, whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet ;
Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
" O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
" When I cam by your gown sae new ;
" I think you've got it wet wi' dew."
Quoth she, " That's like a gawkie ;

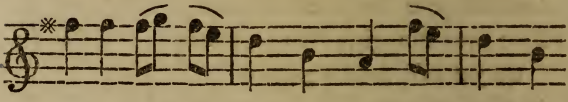
" It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
" And I'll get gowns when it is gane ;
" Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
" And tell it to your dawtie."
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek ;
He cry'd, " O cruel maid, but sweet,
" If I should gang anither gate,
" I ne'er could meet my dawtie."

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gade owre the muir they sang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
" Gang o'er the muir to Maggie."

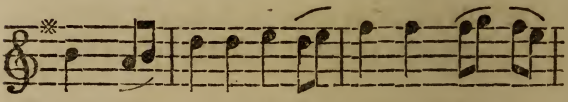
THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.



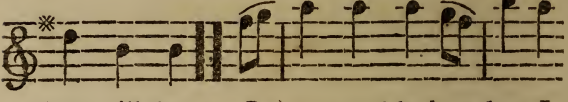
WHEN Januar' winds were blawing cauld, As



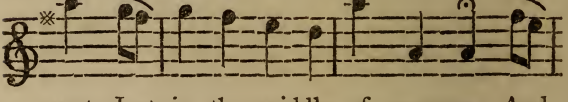
to the north I bent my way, The mirksome



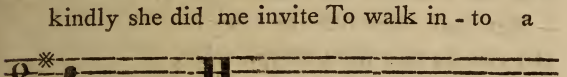
night did me infauld, I kend na where to



lodge till day. By my good luck a lass I



met, Just in the middle of my care; And



I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie ;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak a bed for me.
She made the bed baith wide and braid,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down ;
She pat the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, " Young man, now sleep ye sound."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed,
But I ca'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head.
A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect ;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

" Haud aff your hands, young man," she says,
" And dinna sae uncivil be ;

"Gif ye ha'e only love for me,
"O wrang na my virginity!"
Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivory,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

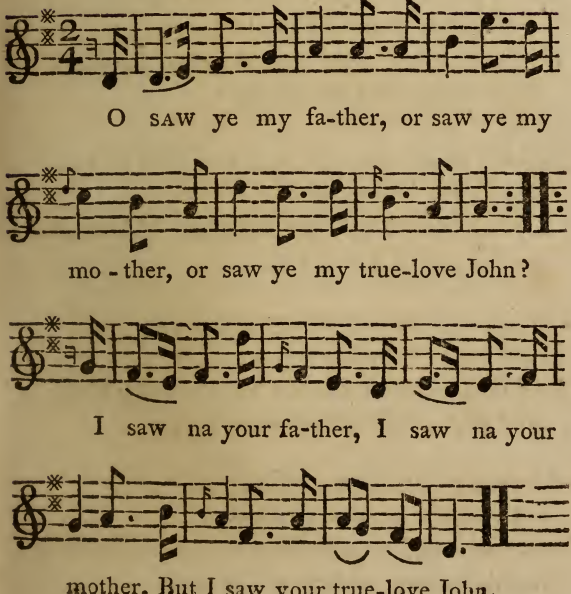
Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
The limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And ay she wist na what to say;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa';
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie:
But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."
I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin in her ee:
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
"For ye ay shall mak the bed to me."

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me.
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonny lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget, till the day that I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

SAW YE MY FATHER.


O saw ye my fa-ther, or saw ye my
mo-ther, or saw ye my true-love John?
I saw na your fa-ther, I saw na your
mother, But I saw your true-love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring, ding dong;
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin:
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
Then open'd and let him in.

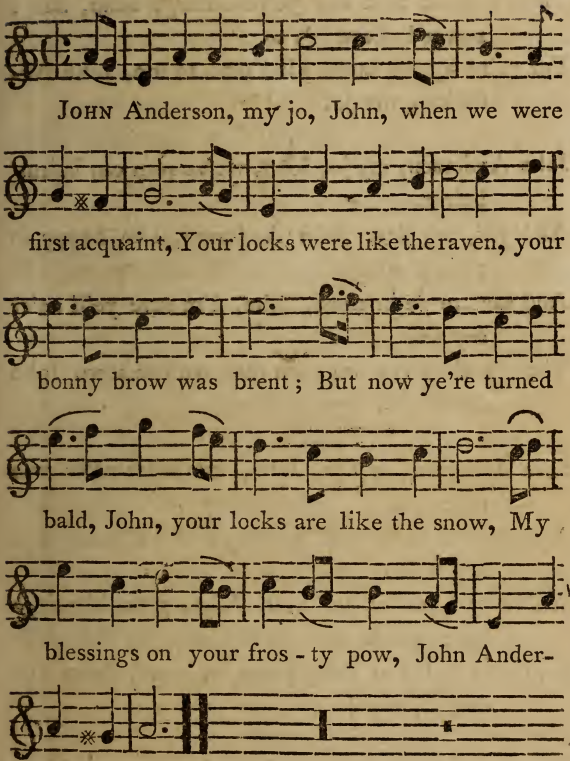
And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast?
And is my Johnny true?
I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel
Sae lang shall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd fause, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon:
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.


John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were
first acquaint, Your locks were like the raven, your
bonny brow was brent; But now ye're turned
bald, John, your locks are like the snow, My
blessings on your fros - ty pow, John Ander-
son, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ay at kirk and market, I've kept you trim and neat;
There's some folk say ye're failing, John, but I scarce believe it's so,
For ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms,
And sae are ye in mine, John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gane that we hae seen, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, our siller ne'er was rife,
And yet we ne'er saw poverty sin' we were man and wife;
We've ay haen bit and brat, John, great blessings here elow,
And that helps to keep peace at hame, John Anderson, my jo.

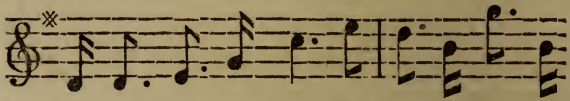
John Anderson, my jo, John, the warld loes us baith;
We ne'er spak ill o' neibours, John, nor did them
ony skaith;
To live in peace and quietness was a' our care, ye
know,
And I'm sure they'll greet when we are dead, John
Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, frae year to year
we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring
us to our last;
But let not that affright us, John, our hearts were
ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we've liv'd, John An-
derson, my jo.

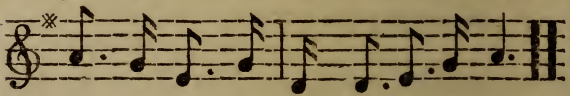
John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill
thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane
anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand
we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the fit, John Anderson,
my jo.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

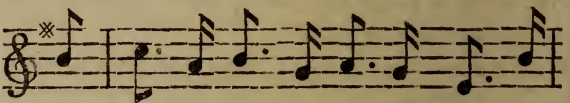
O Tib-bie, I hae seen the day, Ye



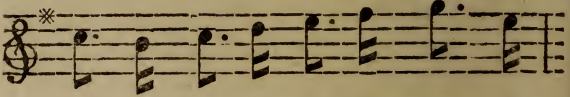
wad na been sae shy; For lack o' gear ye



light-ly me, But, troth, I care na by.

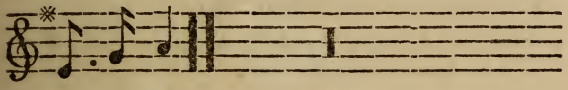


Ye-streen I met you on the moor, Ye



spak na, but gade by like stoure; Ye

geck at me be-cause I'm poor, But fient a



hair care I.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, troth, I care na by.
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me wi' a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, troth, I care na by.
But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
Ye wadna been sae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, troth, I care na by.
Although a lad were e'er so smart,
If he but want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
Ye wadna been sae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, troth, I care na by.
But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, troth, I care na by.
There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gie her under sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousand mark ;
Ye need na look sae high.

MY MARY.

TO THE SAME AIR.

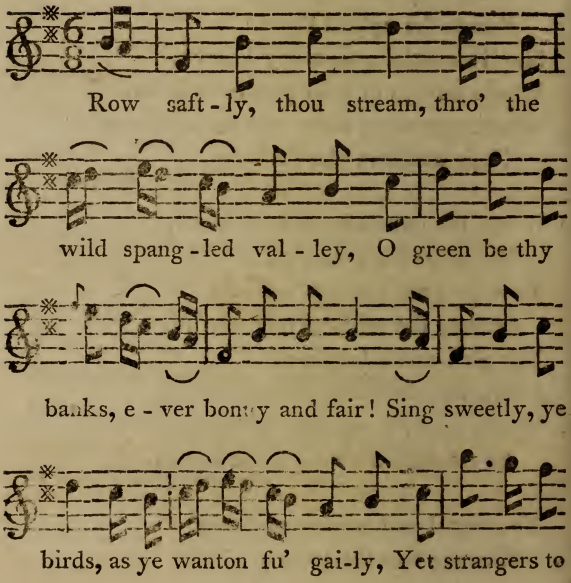
My Mary is a bonny lass,
Sweet as the dewy morn,
When Fancy tunes her rural reed
Beside the upland thorn:
She lives ahint yon sunny knowe,
Whese flow'rs in wild profusion grow,
Where spreading birks and hazles throw
Their shadows o'er the burn.

It's no the streamlet-skirted wood,
Wi' a' its leafy bow'rs,
That gars me wade in solitude
Amang the wild-sprung flow'rs;
But aft I cast a langin ee
Down frae the bank out o'er the lee,
Where haply I my lass may see,
As through the broom she scours.

Yestreen I met my bonny lassie
Coming frae the town;

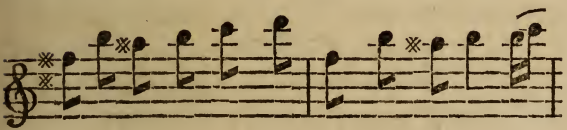
We, raptur'd, sunk in ithers arms,
And prest the breckans down.
The paitrick sung his e'ening note,
The rye-craik rispt his clam'rous throat,
While mony a soul-warm kiss I got,
That erl't her my own.

CAPTAIN O'KAINE.

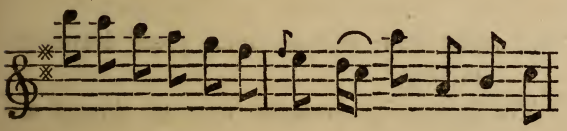

Row saft-ly, thou stream, thro' the
wild spang-led val-ley, O green be thy
banks, e-ver bon-ny and fair! Sing sweetly, ye
birds, as ye wanton fu' gai-ly, Yet strangers to

sor - row, and stran - gers to care. The

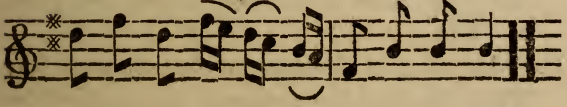
wea-ry day lang I list to your sang, And



waste il-ka moment, sad, cheerless, alane: Each



sweet little treasure o' heart-cheering pleasure, Far



fled frae my bo-som wi' Captain O'Kaine.

Fu' aft on thy banks hae we pu'd the wild gowan,
And twisted a ringlet beneath the hawthorn :
Ah ! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glowin ;
Sweet days o' delight, which can never return !
Now ever, waes me ! the tear fills mine ee,
And sair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain
Nae prospect returning to gladden life's morning,
For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'-Kaine.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

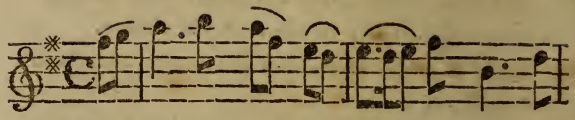
TO THE SAME AIR.

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet runs clear through the vale ;
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
When the ling'ring moments are number'd by care ?

No birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gaily springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

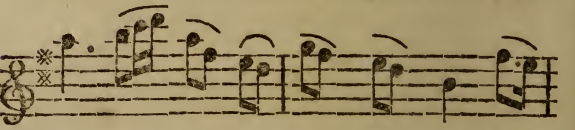
The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice?
A king and a father to place on his throne.
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my suff'rings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your faith prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better return?

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

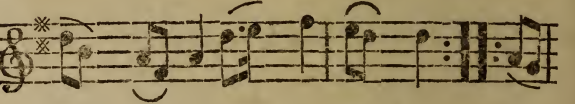


THE smiling morn, the breathing spring, In-

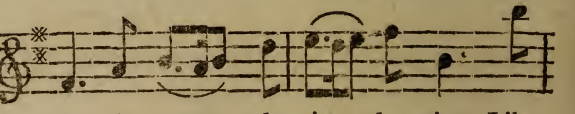
vite the tune-ful birds to sing; And



while they war-ble from each spray, Love

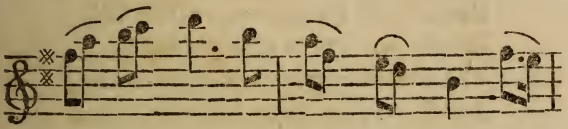


melts the u--ni-ver-sal lay. Let

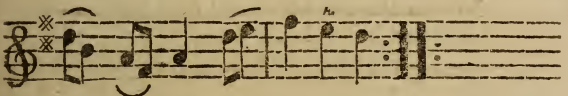


us, A--man--da, time-ly wise, Like

them im-prove the hour that flies, And



in soft rap - tures waste the day, A-



mong the birks of Invermay.

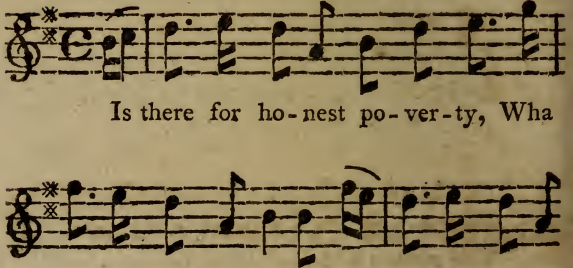
For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

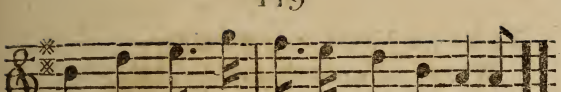
Behold, the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;

The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, then, sing and play
Among the birks of Invermay.

Hark! how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance;
Let us as jovial be as they,
Among the birks of Invermay.

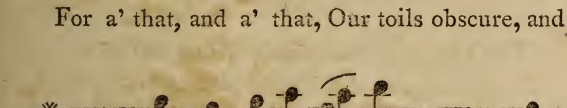
THE HONEST MAN.



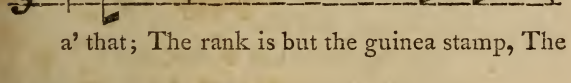


pass him by, And dare be poor for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that, Our toils obscure, and



a' that; The rank is but the guinea stamp, The



man's the gowd, for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel shew, and a' that;
An honest man, though ne'er sae poor,
Is chief o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that;
A man o' independent mind
Can look and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
An honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
His dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it shall, for a' that,
When sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
When man and man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be, and a' that.

HOW HARD'S THE FATE OF WOMANKIND.

TO THE SAME AIR.

How hard's the fate of womankind,
When I think on't, for a' that;
Though they meet a laddie to their mind,
They darena tell't, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that;
Though they looe the laddie e'er sae weel,
They dare na tell, for a' that.

The warld's sae censorious grown,
When I think on't, for a' that,
Gars us conceal our sentiments,
And say we hate, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that;
Though we looe the laddie e'er sae weel,
We dare na tell, for a' that.

But I was never ane o' these
That play the fool, and a' that;

For the lad looes me that I like best,
And he'll be mine, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,
The bonny lad that I looe best
Shall be my ain, for a' that.

And now we're married, and do live
In plenty, peace, and a' that;
I'm happy in my laddie's arms,
Baith night and day, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,
The bonny lad that I looe best
Is now my ain, for a' that.

THOUGH WOMEN'S MINDS.

TO THE SAME AIR.

Though women's minds, like winter winds,
May shift and turn, and a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,
The bonny lass that I looe best
She'll be my ain, for a' that.

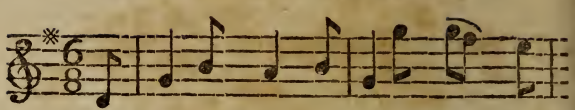
Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly *will*, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave
Has wit and sense, and a' that;
A bonny lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dare ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

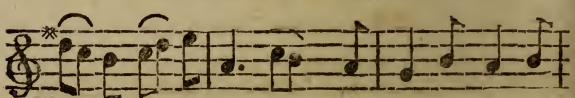
In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and here's the sex!
I like the jades for a' that.
For a' that, &c.

HEATHER BRAES.

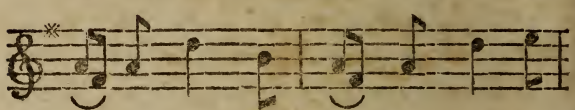


When gloomy night had taken flight, Chac'd

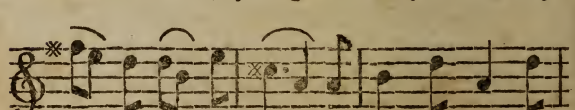


by the ruddy morning, When daisies fair per-

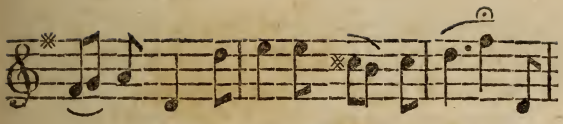
fume the air, Each hill and dale adorning; As



forth I hied, young Jock-ey cried, My

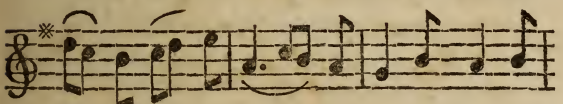


bon-ny las-sie, stay; O gang wi' me, and

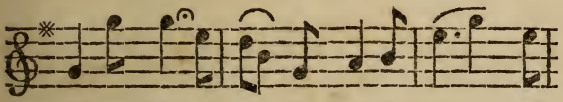


chat a wee, Upon the hea-ther brae. As

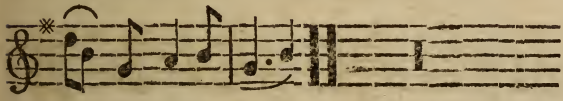
forth I hied, young Jock-ey cried, My



bon-ny las-sie, stay; O gang wi' me, and



chat a wee, U-pon the heather brae, U-



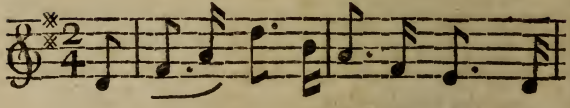
pon the heather brae.

A maid too soon may grant a boon,
Too late repent her folly;
And what reward meets her regard,
But grief and melancholy;

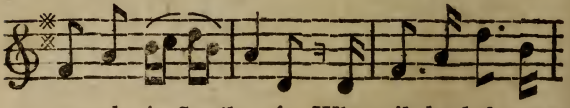
For all mankind are false as wind,
Or like an April day;
Then seek not me to chat with thee,
Upon the heather brae.

The bonny swain then tun'd a strain
So wonderfully pleasing,
That while he play'd, his music made
Me wish it never ceasing.
Now fraught with joy that ne'er can cloy,
I bless the happy day,
I first did meet my Jockey sweet,
Upon the heather brae.

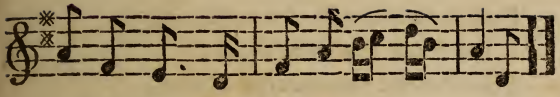
CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.



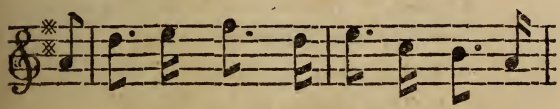
THERE's cauld kail in A-ber-deen, And



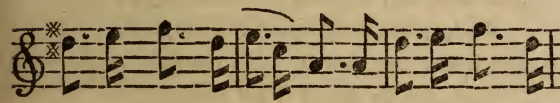
castocks in Stra'bo-gie, Where il-ka lad maun



hae his lass, But I maun hae my co-gie.



For I maun hae my co - gie, troth, I



can-na want my co - gie : I wadna gie my

three-gird cog For a' the wives in Bogie.

Johnny Smith has got a wife
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie ;
But were she mine, upon my life,
I'd duck her in a bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, troth,
I canna want my cogie ;
I wadna gie my three-gird cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Twa or three todlin weans they hae,
The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;
Whene'er the totums cry for meat,
She curses ay his cogie;
Crying, "Wae betide the three-gird cog!
"Oh, wae betide the cogie!
"It does mair skaith than a' the ills
"That happen in Stra'bogie."

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's;
And, what they maist did laugh at,
She brake the bicker, spilt the drink,
And tightly gowff'd his haffet,
Crying, "Wae betide the three-gird cog!
"Oh, wae betide the cogie;
"It does mair skaith than a' the ills
"That happen in Stra'bogie."

Yet here's to ilka honest soul
Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie;
And for ilk silly whingin fool
We'll duck him in the bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, Sirs,
I canna want my cogie:
I wadna gie my three-gird cog
For a' the queans in Bogie.

ANOTHER SET.

TO THE SAME AIR.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I hae but a bonny lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie,
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light:
Gie me a lass that's clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel,
John Bull in country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well;
Mynheer an al'mande prances:
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesome they dance wondrous light,
But twasome ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

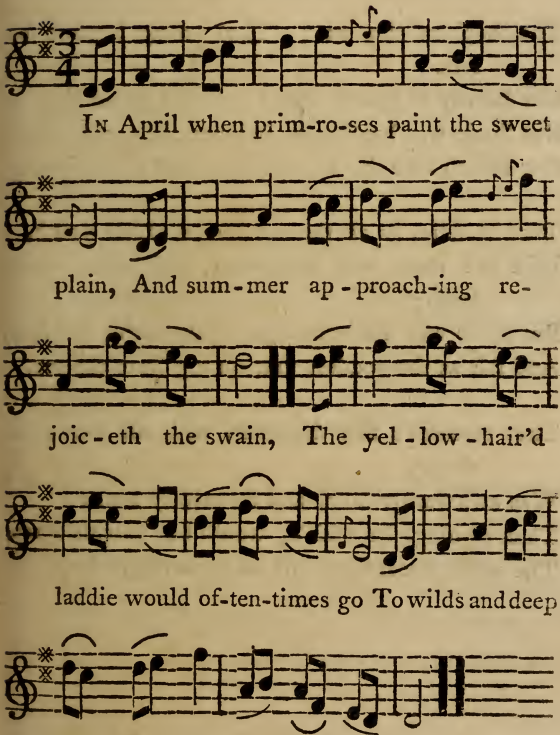
Come lads, and view your partner's well,
Wale each a blythesome rogie;

I'll tak this lassie to mysel,
She looks sae keen and vogie:
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got his lass,
Save yon auld doited Fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie:
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursels to hain,
For they maun hae their come-again
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
And tipple out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try each other to surpass,
In wishing health to ev'ry lass,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.


In April when prim-ro-ses paint the sweet
plain, And sum-mer ap-proach-ing re-
joic-eth the swain, The yel-low-hair'd
laddie would of-ten-times go To wilds and deep
glens where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn:
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung: Tho' young Maddie be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air:
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was handsome, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
Then sighing, he wish'd, would but parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

THE ORIGINAL WORDS.

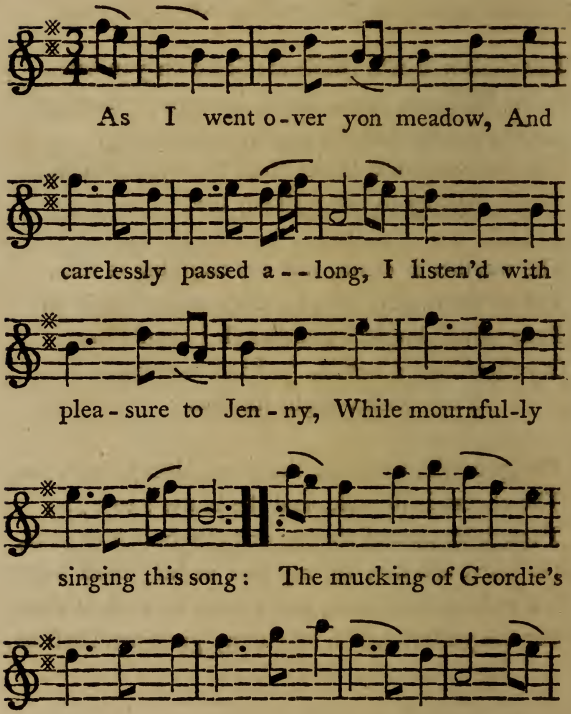
TO THE SAME AIR.

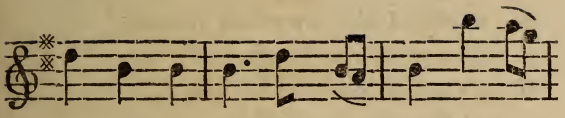
THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane o' them gae;
And ay as she milked, and ay as she sang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.
And ay as she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;
They winna bught in, although I should die;
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.
They winna bught in, &c.

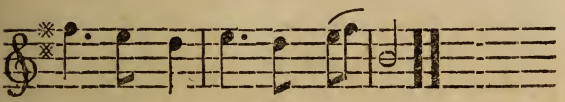
The gudewife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;
Though butter and cheese, and a' should e'en sour,
I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae lang hauf hour:
It's ae lang hauf hour, and we'se e'en mak it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my gudeman shall be.

MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.


As I went o-ver yon meadow, And
carelessly passed a--long, I listen'd with
plea-sure to Jen-ny, While mournful-ly
singing this song: The mucking of Geordie's
byre, And the shooling the gruip sae clean, Has



aft gart me spend the night sleepless, And



brought the saut tears frae my een.

It was not my father's pleasure,
Nor was it my mother's desire,
That ever I should fyle my fingers
Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.
The mucking, &c.

Though the roads were ever sae filthy,
Or the day sae scoury and foul,
I wad ay be ganging wi' Geordie;
I lik'd it far better than school.
The mucking, &c.

My brither abuses me daily,
For being wi' Geordie sae free;
My sister she ca's me hoodwinked,
Because he's below my degree.
The mucking, &c.

But weel do I like my young Geordie,
Although he was cunning and slee;
He ca's me his dear and his honey,
And I'm sure my Geordie loes me.
The mucking, &c.

TAM GLEN.

TO THE SAME AIR.

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what maun I do wi' Tam Glen?
I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I riches to wallow,
If I manna marry Tam Glen?

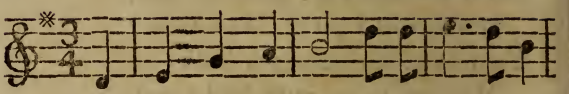
There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummiller,
Gude day to you, brute, he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;

They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
  But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

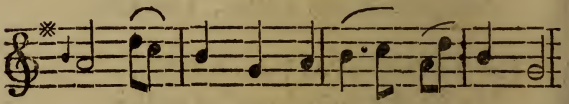
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
  He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
  O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
Yestreen at the valentines dealin,
  My heart to my mou' gied a sten,
For thrice I drew ane without failin,
  And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was wau'kin,
  My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
  And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
  I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
  The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

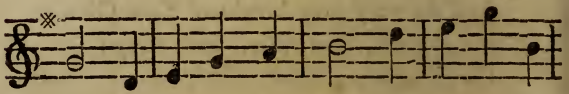
ROCK AND WEE PICKLE TOW.



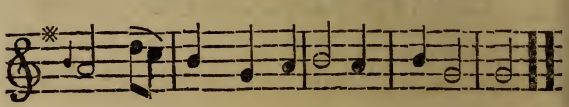
THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle



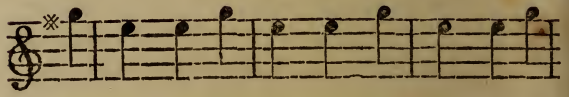
tow, And she wad gae try the spinning



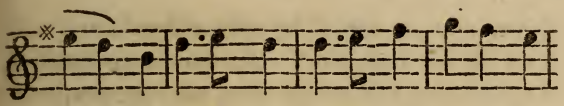
o't; But looting her down, her rock took a



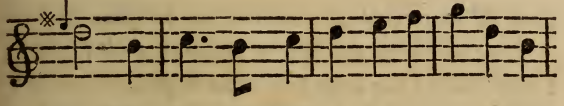
low, And that was an ill be-gin-ning o't.



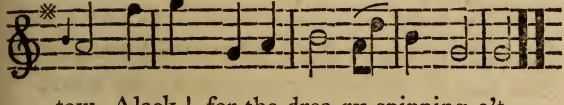
She spat on't, she flet on't, and trampt on its



pow, But a' that she did on-ly blew up the



low; She curs'd baith the rock and the wee pickle



tow, Alack! for the drea-ry spinning o't.

I've wanted a sark for these eight years and ten,
And this was to be the beginning o't;
But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
Or ever I try the spinning o't.
For never, since ever they ca'd me's they ca' me,
Did sic a mishap and mishanter befa' me;
Ye shall hae leave baith to hang me and draw me,
If ever I try the spinning o't.

I hae kept a house for these threescore o' years,
And never did try the spinning o't;
But how I was sarked, foul fa' them that spiers,
It minds me upo' the beginning o't.

But women are now-a-days turned sae braw,
That ilk ane maun hae a sark, some maun hae twa,
The warld was better when the fient ane ava,
To hinder the first beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that ever advis'd me to spin,
That had been sae lang o' beginning o't;
I weel might hae ended as I did begin,
Nor got sic a fear wi' the spinning o't:
But they say she's a wise wife wha kens her ain weird;
I thought ance on a day it wad never been spier'd,
How loot ye the low tak the rock by the beard,
When ye gade to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,
When I think upon the beginning o't;
I thought ere I died to have made me a wab,
But still I had weirs o' the spinning o't.
But had I nine daughters, as I hae but three,
The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,
Is that they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
For fear of a bad beginning o't.

Yet in spite of my counsel, if they will needs run
The drearysome task o' the spinning o't,
Let them seek a lown place in the heat o' the sun,
And there venture on the beginning o't.

But to do as I did, alas and avow !
To busk up my rock by the cheek o' the low,
Some may say that I had little wit in my pow,
And as little to do wi' the spinning o't.

But yet, after a', there is ae thing that grieves
My heart, to think on the beginning o't;
Had I won but the length o' ae pair o' sleeves,
Then there wad been word o' the spinning o't:
Then I'd hae twa washin' and bleached like snaw,
And on my twa gardies like muggons to draw,
And then fouk wad say that auld Grizzy was braw,
And a' was upon her ain spinning o't.

But gin I wad shog about till a new spring,
I should yet hae a bout o' the spinning o't;
A mutchkin o' lintseed I'd in the yird fling,
For a' the wanchancie beginning o't.
I'll gar my ain Tammie gang down to the howe,
And cut me a rock o' the withershins grow,
O' gude rantry-tree, for to carry my tow,
And a spindle o' the same for the twining o't.

For now when I mind me, I met Maggy Grim,
That morning, just at the beginning o't;
She was ne'er ca'd chancy, but unlucky and slim,
And sae it has far'd o' my spinning o't.

But gin my new rock were ance cutted and dry,
Ise a' Maggy's can and her cantrips defy,
And, but ony soothing, the spinning I'll try,
And yese a' hear o' the beginning o't.

Quo' Tibby her daughter, tak tent what ye say,
The never a rag we'll be seeking o't;
Gin ye ance begin, ye'll traverse night and day,
Sae it's vain ony mair to be speaking o't.
Since Lammas I'm now gane thirty and twa,
And ne'er a dud sark had I yet, great or sma',
And what waur am I? I'm as warm and as braw
As thrummy-tail'd Meg, that's a spinner o't.

To labour lint land, and then buy the seed,
And then to yoke me to the harrowing o't,
And syne hobble amang't, and pick out ilka weed,
Like a swine in a sty, at the farrowing o't:
Syne bowing, and rippling, and steeping, and then
To gar's gae and spread it upon the cauld plain;
And then, after a', maybe labour in vain,
When the wind and the weet gets the fushon o't.

But though it should happen the weather to bide,
Wi' beetles we're set to the drubbing o't;
And then frae our fingers to gudge a' the hide,
Wi' the wearisome wark o' the spinning o't.

And syne ilka tait maun be heckled out-through,
The lint putten ae gate, anither the tow,
Syne on a rock with it, and it taks a low:
The back o' my hand to the spinning o't.

Quo' Jenny, I think, woman, ye're in the right,
Set your feet a-spar to the spinning o't;
We may tak our advice frae our ain mither's fright,
That she gat when she tried the spinning o't.
But they'll say that auld fouk are twice bairns indeed,
And sae has she kyth'd it, but there is nae need,
To sic an amshah that we drive out o' head,
As lang's we're sae scar'd frae the spinning o't.

Quo' Nancy the youngest, I've now heard you a',
And dowy's your doom o' the spinning o't;
Gin ye fan, the cow flings, the cog's cast awa,
Ye may see where ye'll lick up your winning o't.
But I see that by spinning ye'll never be braw,
But gae by the name o' a dilp or a daw;
But lick where ye like, I shall ance shake a fa',
Afore I be dung wi' the spinning o't.

For weel can I mind me, when black Willie Bell
Had Tibbie there, just at the winning o't,
What blew up the bargain, she kens weel hersel,
Was the want o' the knack o' the spinning o't.

And now, poor woman, for ought that I ken,
She never may get sic an offer again,
But pine awa, bit and bit, like Jenkin's hen,
And naething to wyte but the spinning o't.

But were it for naething but just that alane,
I shall yet hae a bout at the spinning o't;
They may cast me, and e'en ca' me black at the bane,
But no 'cause I shunn'd the beginning o't.
But be that as it happens, I carena a strae,
For nane o' the lads e'er shall hae it to say,
When he comes to woo, she kens naething ava,
Nor has ony can at the spinning o't.

It's needless for us to tak our remarks
Frae our mither's miscooking the spinning o't;
She never kend ought o' the gude o' the sarks,
Frae this, a' back to the spinning o't.
Three ell o' plaiding was a' that was sought
By our auld waly bodies, and that boot be bought,
For in ilka town sickan things were na wrought,
Sae little they kend o' the spinning o't.

THE SPINNING O'T.

TO THE SAME AIR.

Now Sandy, the winter's cauld blasts are awa,
And simmer, we've seen the beginning o't;
I've lang lang been wearied o' frost and o' snaw,
And sair hae I tir'd o' the spinning o't:
For when we were married our cleedin was thin,
And poortith, ye ken, made me eydent to spin;
'Twas fain love o' you that first gart me begin,
And blessings hae follow'd the spinning o't.

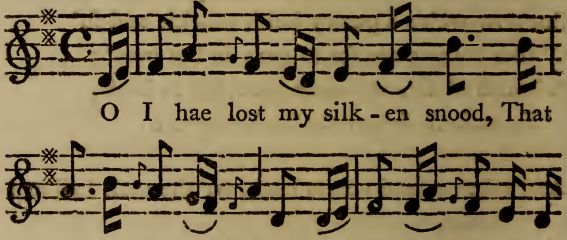
When mornings were cauld, and the keen frost and snaw
Were blawing, I mind the beginning o't,
And ye gade to wark, be it frost or be't thaw,
My task was nae less, at the spinning o't.
But now we've a pantry baith muckle and fu'
O' ilka thing gude for to gang in the mou';
A barrel o' ale, wi' some maut for to brew,
To mak us forget the beginning o't.

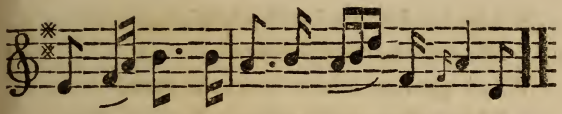
And when winter comes back, wi' the snell hail and rain,
Nae mair I'll sit down to the spinning o't,

Nor you gang and toil in the cauld fields again,
As little think on the beginning o't.
O' sheep we hae scores, and o' kye twenty-five,
Far less we hae seen wad hae made us fu' blythe;
But thrift and industry maks poor fouk to thrive,
A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Although at our marriage our stock was but sma',
And heartless and hard the beginning o't,
When ye was engaged the ousen to ca',
And first my young skill tried the spinning o't:
But now we can dress in our plaidies sae sma',
Fu' neat and fu' clean gae to kirk or to ha',
And ay look as blythe as the best o' them a';
Sae luck has been at the beginning o't.

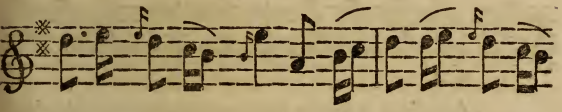
TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.



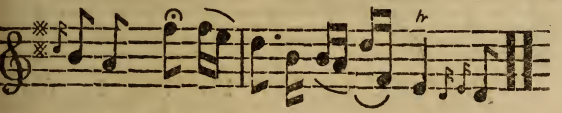


lad I lo'ed, He was a gal - - lant fellow.

And twine it weel, my bon - ny dow, And



twine it weel, the plaiden; The las-sie lost her



silk-en snood, In pu'ing o' the bracken.

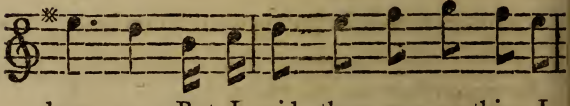
He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,
Sae lily-white my skin, O,
And syne he pried my bonny mou',
And swore it was nae sin, O.
And twine, &c.

But he has left the lass he lo'ed,
His ain true-love forsaken,
Which gars me sair to greet the snood
I lost amang the bracken.
And twine, &c.

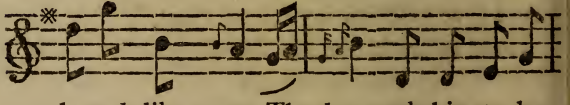
GUDE FORGI'E ME FOR LYIN.

Ae day a braw woo-er came down the lang

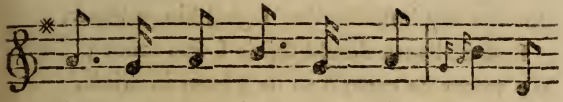
glen, And sair wi' his love he did

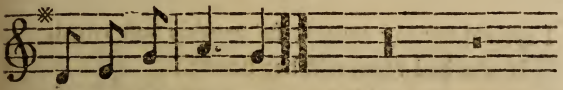


deave me; But I said, there was naething I



ha-ted like men, The deuce tak him to be-





A weel stocket mailen, himsel for the laird,
A bridal aff hand was the proffer,
I never loot on that I kent it, or car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
And how for my love he was diein;
I said he might die when he liket for Jean,
The Gude forgi'e me for liein!

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The deil's in his taste to gae near her),
He's down the lang glen to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how the jade I could bear her!

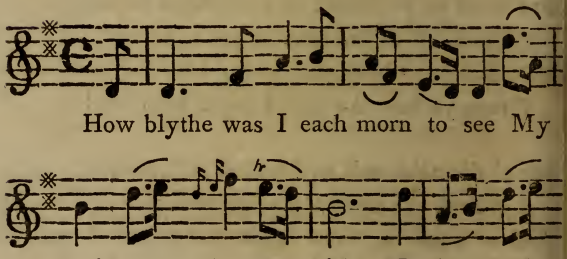
Sae a' the neist ouk as I fretted wi' care,
I gade to the tryst o' Dulgarlock;
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

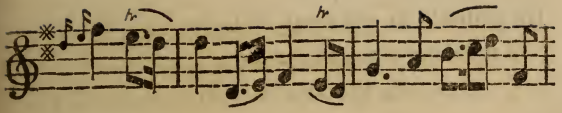
Out o'er my left shouther I gied him a blink,
Lest neibours should think I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
If she had recover'd her hearin;
And how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet,
Gude safe us! how he fell a swearin.

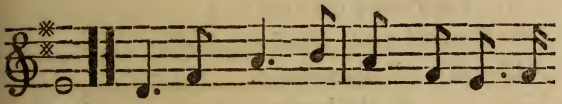
He begg'd me, for gudesake, that I'd be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
Sae just to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I shall wed him to-morrow.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

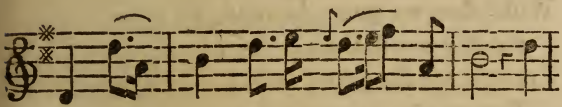




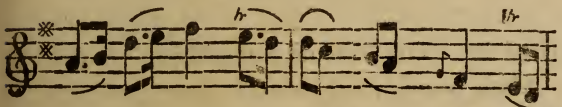
burn, and flew to me, I met him wi' good



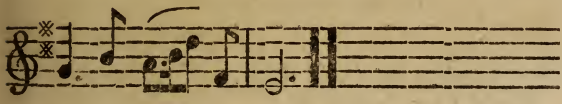
will. O, the broom, the bon - ny bon - ny



broom, The broom of the Cow - denknows! I



wish I were wi' my dear swain, Wi'



his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay;

He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd wi' his melody.
O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Though e'er sae rich and gay.
O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O, the broom, &c.

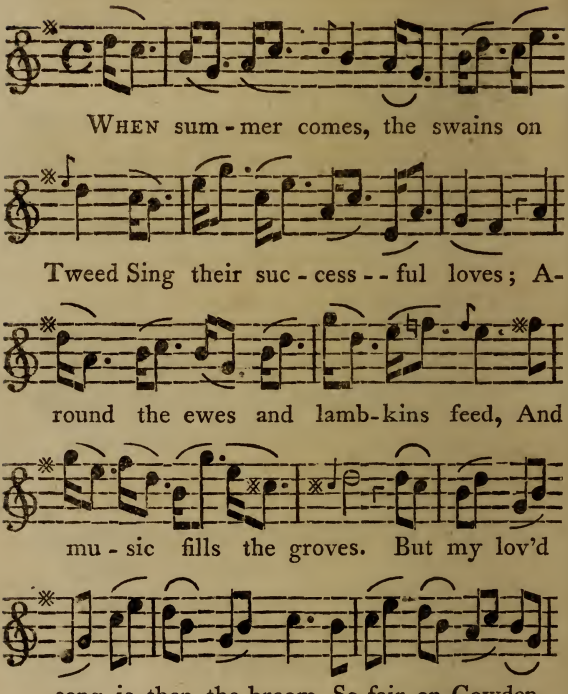
He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Could I but faithfu' be?
He staw my heart; could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me.
O, the broom, &c.

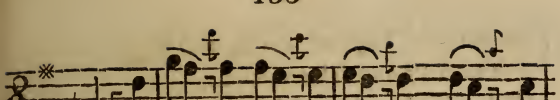
My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
Maun now lie useless by.
O, the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
Fareweel a' pleasures there!
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
It's a' I crave or care.
O, the broom, &c.

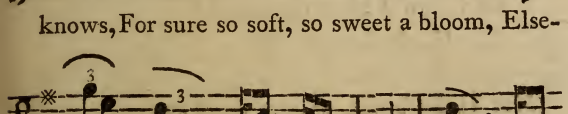
THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

SECOND SET.

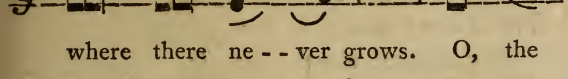

When sum - mer comes, the swains on
Tweed Sing their suc - cess - - ful loves; A-
round the ewes and lamb-kins feed, And
mu - sic fills the groves. But my lov'd
song is then the broom, So fair on Cowden-



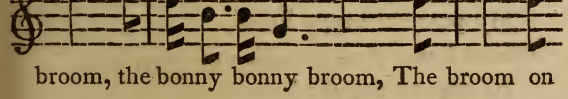
knows, For sure so soft, so sweet a bloom, Else-



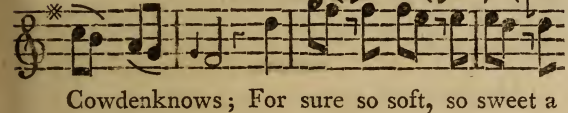
where there ne - - ver grows. O, the



broom, the bonny bonny broom, The broom on



Cowden knows; For sure so soft, so sweet a



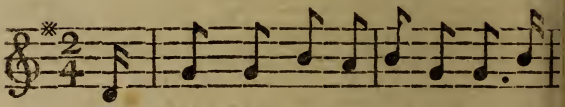
bloom, Elsewhere there ne - - ver grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
Could play with half such art.

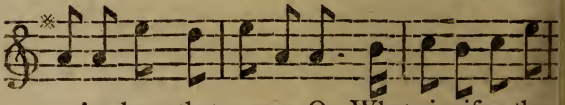
He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales around,
Of Leader-haughs and Leader-side;
Oh! how I blest the sound!
O, the broom, &c.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare;
Not Yarrow banks, in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.
More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At eve, among the broom.
O, the broom, &c.

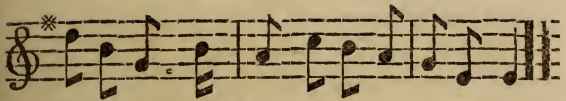
GREEN GROW THE RASHES.



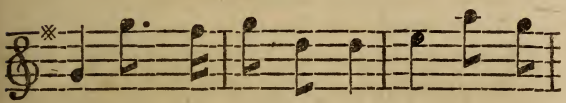
THERE's nought but care on ev'-ry han', In



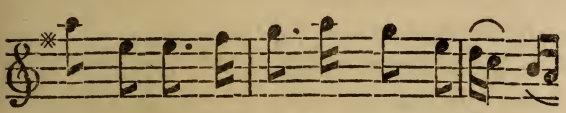
ev'ry hour that passes, O; What signifies the



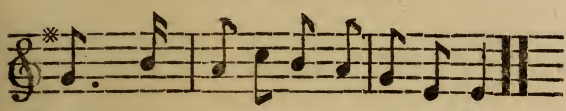
life o' man, An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.



Green grow the rash - es, O, Green grow the



rash - es, O: The sweetest hours that e'er I



spent, Were spent amang the lasses, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
And riches still may fly them, O,
And though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

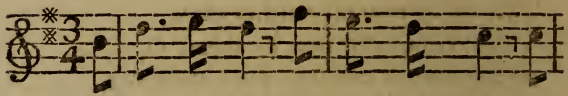
Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,

And war'ly cares, and war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

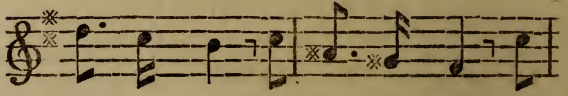
For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

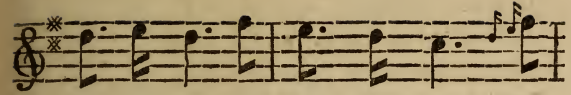
TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



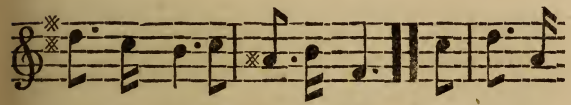
In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld, And



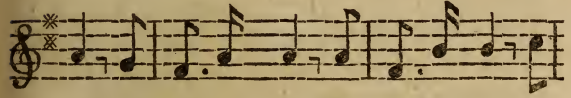
frost and snaw on il---ka hill, And



Bo - reas, wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was

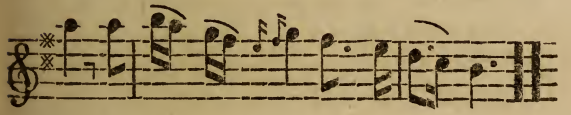


threat'ning a' our kye to kill. Then Bell my



wife, wha loes na strife, She said to me, right

has-ti-ly, Get up, gudeman, save Crummy's



life, And tak your auld cloak a-bout ye.

My Crummy is a usefu' cow,
And she has come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairns mou',
And I am laith that she should tine.

Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time;
The sun shines in the lift sae hie:
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its scantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won;
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half a crown;
He said they were a groat owre dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou a man o' low degree;
It's pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

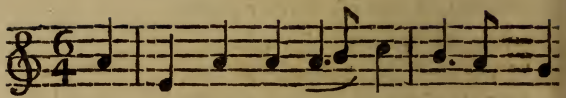
Ev'ry land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool,
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule:

Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
How they are girded gallantly?
While I sit hurklin in the ase;
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

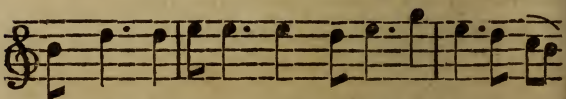
Gudeman, I wat it's thretty years
Since we did ane anither ken,
And we hae had, between us twa,
O' lads and bonny lasses ten;
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray, weel may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loes na strife,
But she wad guide me if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff whare I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

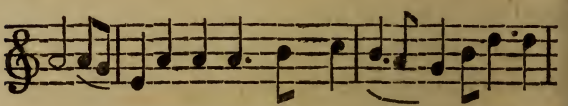
BONNY DUNDEE.



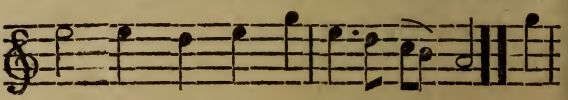
O WHARE did ye get that hau-ver-meal



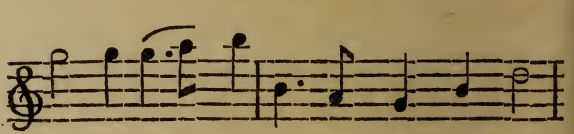
bannock? O sil-ly blind bo-dy, O din-na ye



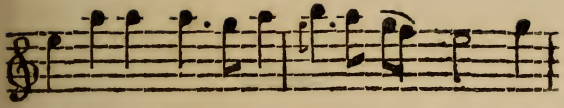
see? I gat it frae a young brisk sodger laddie, Be-



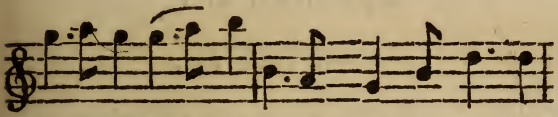
tween Saint Johnstoun and bonny Dundee. O



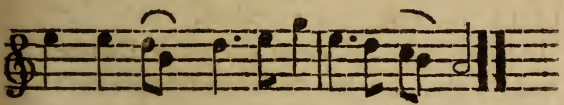
gin I saw the lad-die that gae me't!



Aft has he doudl'd me u-pon his knee; May



heaven pro-tect my bonny Scots lad-die, And



send him safe hame to his ba-by and me.

My blessings upon that sweet wee lippie,
My blessings upon that bonny ee-brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me.
But I'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin by sae clear,
And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddy dear.

ANOTHER SET.

TO THE SAME AIR.

O WHARE gat ye that bonny blue bannet?
O silly blind body, canna ye see?
I gat it frae a bonny Scots callan,
Atween Saint Johnstoun and bonny Dundee.
And O, gin I saw but the laddie that gae me't!
Fu' aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee;
But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's;
O gin he was back to his minny and me!

My heart has nae room when I think on my dawty;
His dear rosy haffets bring tears in my ee:
But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's;
Gin we could ance meet, we'se ne'er part till we
die.
And O, gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan!
Fu' aft hae he doudl'd me upon his knee;
But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's;
O gin he was back to his minny and me!

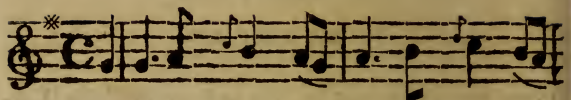
JESSIE.

TO THE SAME AIR.

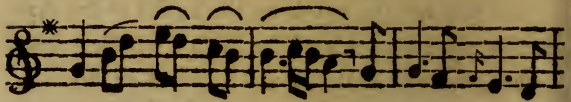
TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr;
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over:
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain:
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile a wizard ensnaring;
Enthron'd in her ee he delivers his law;
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger:
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

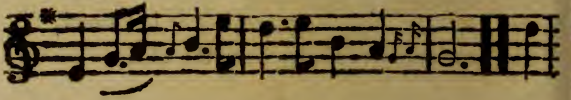
THE WAEFU' HEART.



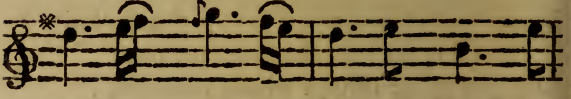
GIN living worth could win my heart, You



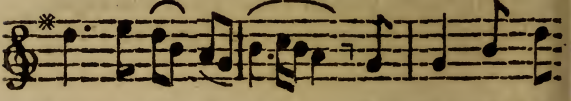
wad na speak in vain, But in the darksome



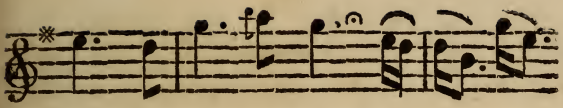
grave it's laid, Never to rise a - gain. My



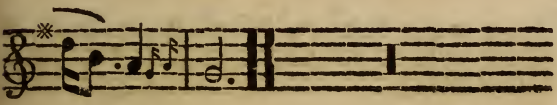
wae - fu' heart lies low wi' his, Whase



heart was on - ly mine; And oh! what a



heart was that to lose! But I maun

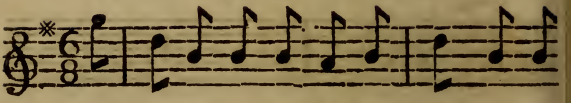


not re - - pine.

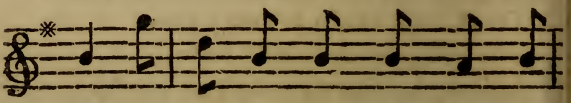
Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And tak this life, now naething worth,
Sin' Jamie's in his grave.
And see, his gentle spirit comes
To shew me on my way,
Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
Sair wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear;
And oh! wi' what good will
I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead;
Ye canna lead to ill.
She said, and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possest;
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

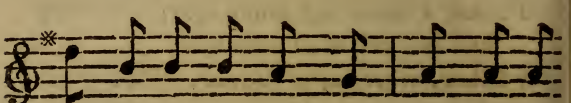


COME un-der my plaidy, the night's gaun to



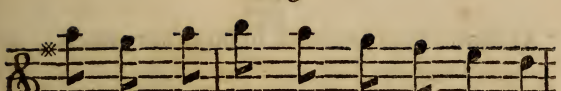
fa', Come in frae the cauld blast, the

drift, and the snaw; Come under my plaidy, and

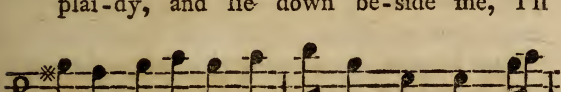


lie down be-side me, There's room in't, be-

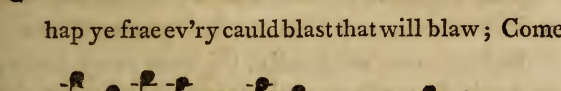
lieve me, dear lassie, for twa. Come under my



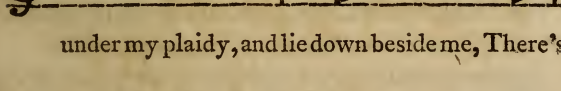
plai-dy, and lie down be-side me, I'll



hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw; Come



under my plaidy, and lie down beside me, There's



room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa!
'I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw:
'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy—I'll no lie beside ye,
'Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald, gae
'wa!
'I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's
'bonny,
'He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw;

' O there's nane dance sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae
' tightly,
' His cheeks are like roses, his brow's like the
' snaw.'

" Dear Marion, let that flie stick fast to the wa';
" Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
" The hale o' his pack he has now on his back:
" He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
" Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk ye ay finely;
" At kirk or at market they'll nane gang sae
" braw;
" A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
" And flunkies to 'tend ye as fast as ye ca'."

' My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
' Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
' It's true I loe Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
' But, wae's me, I ken he has naething ava!
' I hae little tocher, ye've made a good offer;
' I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma';
' Sae gie me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
' I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and
' twa!'

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whare Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a';

The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
And thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:
The howlet was screaming, while Johnny cry'd,
" Women
" Wad marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay
" braw.

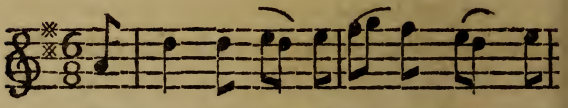
" O the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae
" braw,
" They'll lie down wi' auld men o' threescore and
" twa;
" The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
" Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
" Auld dotards, be wary! tak tent wha ye marry;
" Young wives wi' their coaches they'll whup and
" they'll ca',
" Till they meet wi' some Johnny that's youthfu'
" and bonny,
" And they'll gie a horn on ilk haffet to claw."

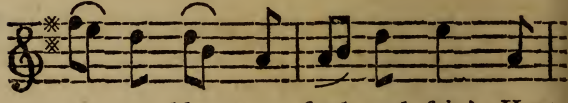
TIBBIE DUNBAR.

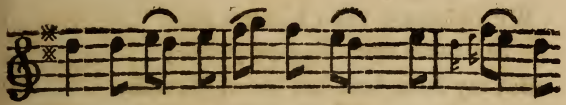
TO THE SAME AIR.

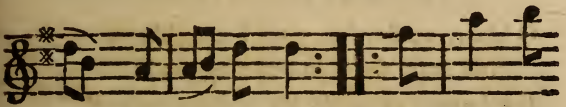
O WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar.
I care na thy daddy, his lands and his money;
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt hae me for better or waur,
And come in thy cotie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

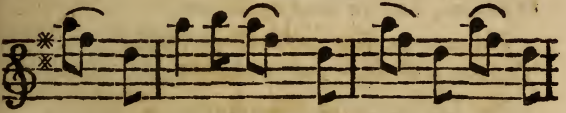
BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

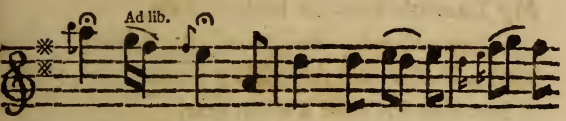


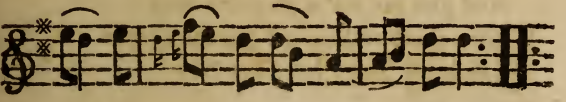












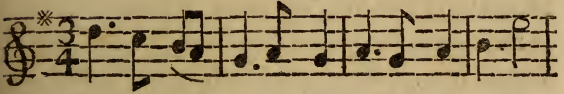
Aft hae I stray'd by bonny Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And hear ilk bird sing of its love,
As fondly sae did I of mine:

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Sae sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause love has stown the rose,
And left the sharpest thorn to me.

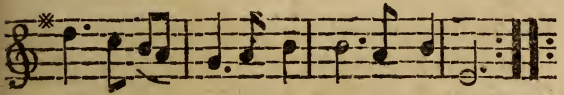
O blaw, ye flow'rs, your bonny bloom,
And draw the wild birds by the burn!
For Lumon promis'd me a ring,
And ye maun aid me, should I mourn.
O na, na, na, ye need na bloom!
My een are dim and drowsy worn;
Ye bonny birds, ye need na sing,
For Lumon never will return.

My Lumon's love, in broken sighs,
At dawning day by Doon ye'se hear;
And mid-day, by the willow green,
For him I'll shed a silent tear.
Sweet birds! I ken ye'll pity me,
And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
While echoes wake, and pour the mane
I mak for him I lo'ed sae lang.

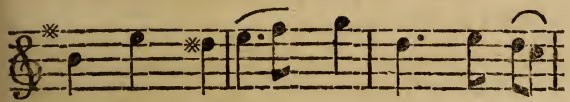
HERE AWA, THERE AWA.



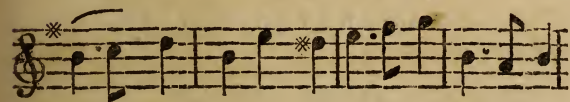
HERE a-wa, there a-wa, here a-wa, Willie;



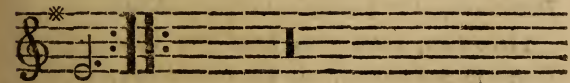
Here a-wa, there a-wa, haud a-wa hame.



Lang hae I sought thee, dear hae I



bought thee, Now I hae gotten my Willie a-



gain.

Through the lang muir I hae follow'd my Willie,
Through the lang muir I hae follow'd him hame;
Whate'er betide us, nought shall divide us,
Love now rewards a' my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame:
Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me;
Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
And gin ye meet my love, dinna think shame:
Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
And shew her the way to haud awa hame.

WANDERING WILLIE.

TO THE SAME AIR.

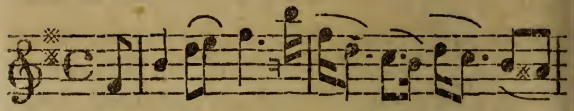
HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,
Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee:
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

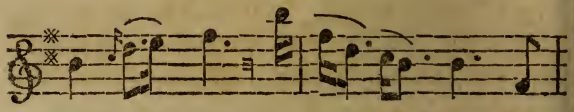
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But ah! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

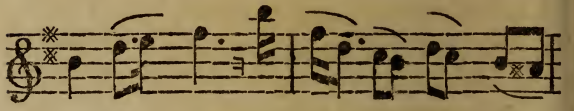
SWEET ANNY.



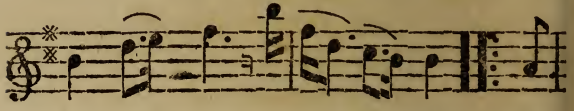
SWEET Anny frae the sea-beach came, Where



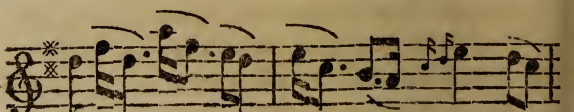
Jock-ey speel'd the ves-sel's side; Ah!



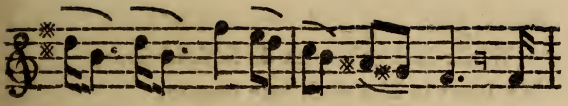
wha can keep their heart at hame, When



Jock-ey's tost a-boon the tide. Far

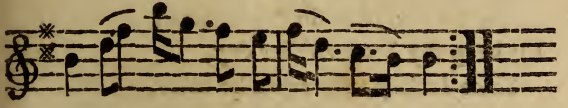


aff to dis-tant realms he gangs, Yet



I'll prove true, as he has been; And

when ilk lass a--bout him thrangs, He'll



think on An-ny, his faith-fu' ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen;
Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me;
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag o' what he'd gie.
What though my Jockey's far away,
Tost up and down the dinsome main?
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
And fairly cast your pipe away;
My Jockey wad be troubled sair,
To see his friend his love betray:

For a' your sangs and verse are vain,
  While Jockey's notes do faithfu' flow;
My heart to him shall true remain,
  I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jockey's head,
  And gar the waves be calm and still;
His hameward sail wi' breezes speed,
  And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
What though my Jockey's far away?
  Yet he will braw in siller shine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
  Since Jockey may again be mine.

WI' WAEFU' HEART AND SORROWING EE.

TO THE SAME AIR.

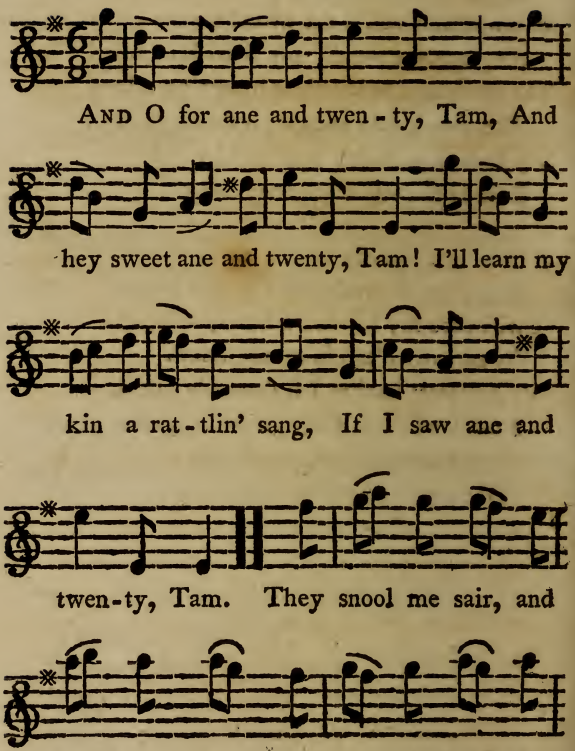
Wi' waefu' heart and sorrowing ee,
  I saw my Jamie sail awa:
O 'twas a fatal day to me,
  That day he past the Berwick Law.
How joyless now seem'd a' behind!
  I ling'ring stray'd alang the shore;

Dark boding fears hung on my mind,
That I might never see him more.

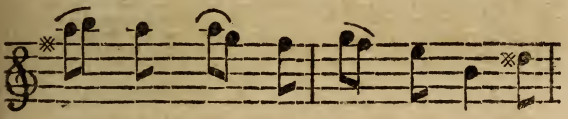
The night came on wi' heavy rain,
Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew;
In mountains roll'd the awful main—
Ah, hapless maid! my fears how true!
The landsmen heard their drowning cries;
The wreck was seen with dawning day:
My love was found, and now he lies
Low in the isle o' gloomy May.

O boatman, kindly waft me o'er!
The cavern'd rock shall be my home;
'Twill ease my burden'd heart, to pour
Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb.
Wi' sweetest flow'rs I'll deck his grave,
And 'tend them through the langsome year;
I'll water them ilk morn and eve
Wi' deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

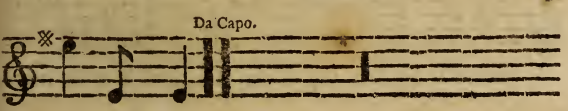
ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.


And O for ane and twen - ty, Tam, And
hey sweet ane and twenty, Tam! I'll learn my
kin a rat - tlin' sang, If I saw ane and
twen - ty, Tam. They snool me sair, and
haud me down, And gar me look like

blun-tie, Tam; But three short years will



soon wheel round, And then comes ane and

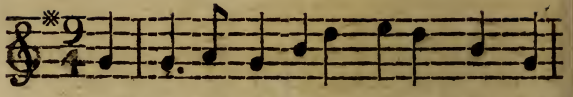


twenty, Tam.

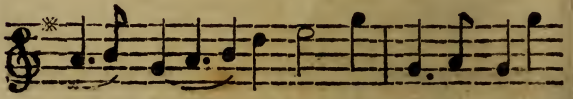
A gleib o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needna spier,
Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
And O, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam.
And O, &c.

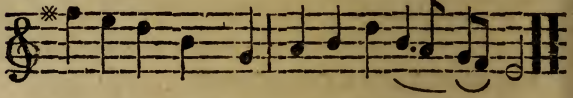
THE BLYTHESOME BRIDAL.



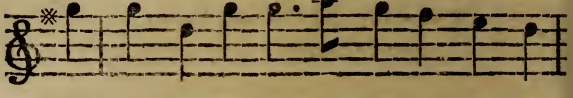
Come, fy let us a' to the bri-dal, For



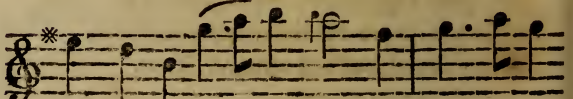
there'll be lilt-ing there, For Jock's to be mar-



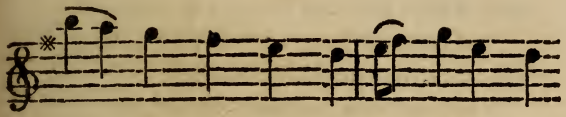
ried to Maggie, The lass wi' the gowden hair.



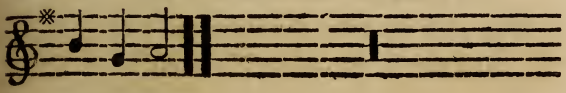
And there will be lang-kail and cas-tocks, And



bannocks o' bar-ley meal, And there will be



gude saut her - ring, To re - lish a cog



o' gude ale.

And there will be Sandy the sutor,
And Will wi' the meikle mou',
And there will be Tam the blutter,
Wi' Andrew the tinkler, I trow:
And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
Wi' thum'less Katie's gudeman;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
And Lowrie the laird o' the lan'.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie
That wins in the howe o' the hill;
And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
Wha in wi' black Bessy did mool,
Wi' snivelling Lilly, and Tibbie,
The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coft him grey breeks to his a—,
Wha after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd nae warse.
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirsh wi' the lily-white leg,
Wha gade the south for manners,
And play'd the fool in Mons-Meg.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flea-lugged sharny-fac'd Lawrie,
And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg;
And there will be happer-a—'d Nancy,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name;
Muck Maddie, and fat-hipped Girsy,
The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be girn-again Gibby,
Wi' his glaikit wife Jeany Bell,
And mizzled-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsel.
There lads and lasses in pearlings,
Will feast in the heart o' the ha',
On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith sodden and raw.

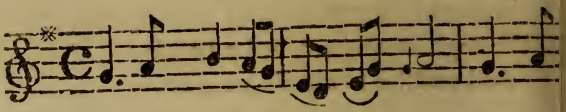
†

And there will be fadges and brochan,
Wi' fouth o' good gabbocks o' skate;
Powsowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
And cauler nowt feet in a plate.
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whitens and speldings enew,
Wi' singit sheep-heads and a haggis,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

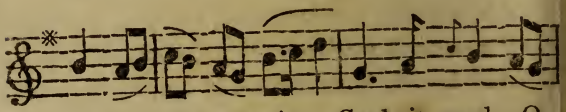
And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
And sowens, and farls, and baps,
Wi' swats and weel-scraped painches,
And brandy in stoups and in caups;
And there will be meal-kail and porrage,
Wi' skink to sup till ye rive,
And roasts to roast on a brander,
O' fleuks that were taken alive.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
And a mill o' gude snishin to prie;
When weary wi' eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dançe till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

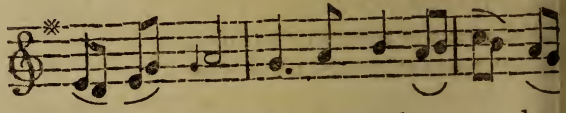
TARRY WOO.



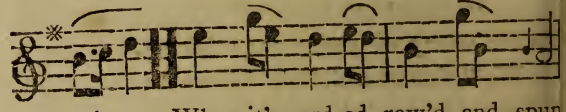
TARRY woo, O tar--ry woo, Tar-ry



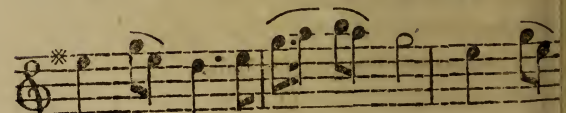
woo is ill to spin; Card it weel, O



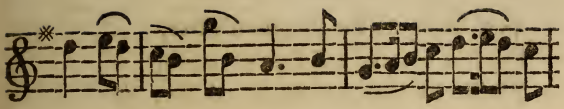
card it weel, Card it weel ere ye be-



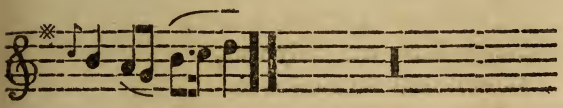
gin. When it's card-ed, row'd, and spun



Then the work is haf-lens done; But when



woven, drest, and clean, It may be clead-ing



for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go,
Through the winter's frost and snow;
Hart, and hind, and fallow deer,
No by hauf sae usefu' are:
Frae kings to him that hauds the plough,
A' are oblig'd to tarry woo.

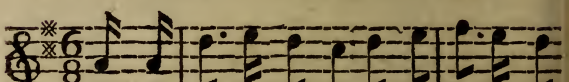
Up, ye shepherds! dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip;
Sing in praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fu';
Leeze me on the tarry woo.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae.
No such music to his ear;
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly true,
Weel defend the tarry woo.

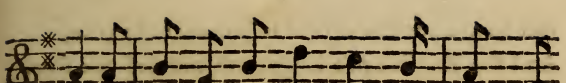
He lives content, and envies none;
Not ev'n a monarch on his throne,
Though he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king? can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well,
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
Wi' honest heart and tarry woo?

KAIL BROSE O' AULD SCOTLAND.

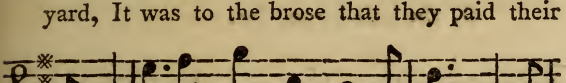
When our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the



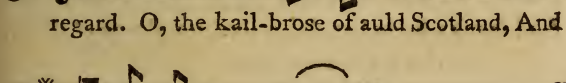
laird, For a piece o' gudé ground to be a kail-



yard, It was to the brose that they paid their



regard. O, the kail-brose of auld Scotland, And



O, the Scottish kail-brose!

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,
At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd our foes,
Just before they began, they'd been feasting on brose.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

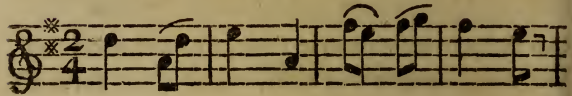
Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,
Wi' their bonnets and belts, which their dress did compose,
And a bag of oatmeal on their backs to be brose.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

At our annual elections for bailies or mayor,
Nae kickshaws o' puddings or tarts were seen there;
But a cog o' gude brose was the favourite fare.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

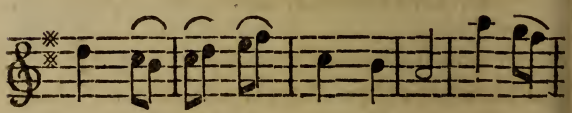
But now since the thistle is join'd to the rose,
And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
We've lost a great deal o' our relish for brose.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
Likes always to feast on a cog o' gude brose;
And thanks be to heav'n, we've yet plenty o' those.
O, the kail-brose, &c.

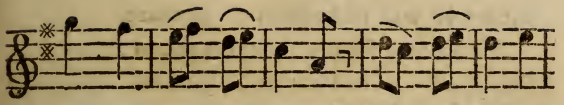
BURNS' FAREWEL TO AYRSHIRE.



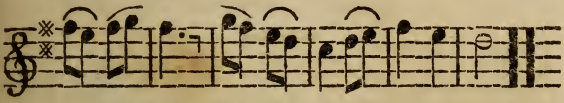
Scenes of woe, and scenes of plea - sure,



Scenes that former thoughts renew; Scenes of



woe and scenes of pleasure, Now a sad and



last a-dieu; Now a sad and last a-dieu!

Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
Fare thee weel before I gang:
Bonny Doon, where early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang.

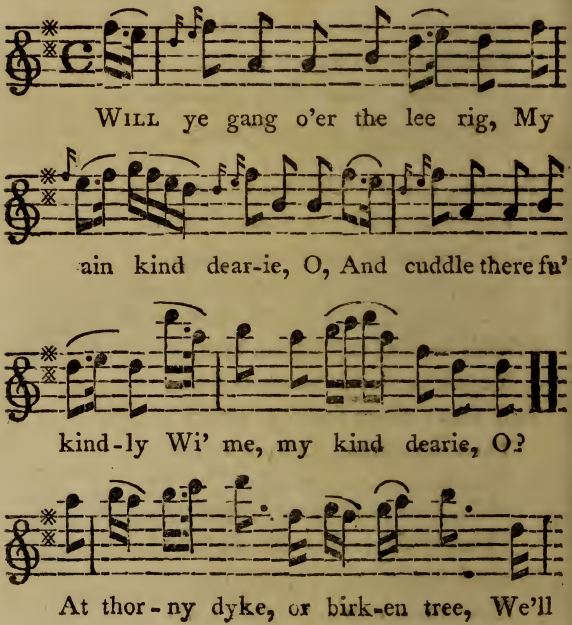
Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine.

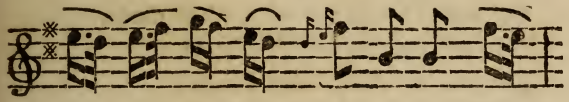
Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me:
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be.

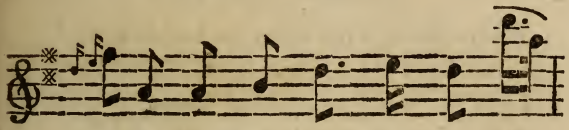
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew:
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

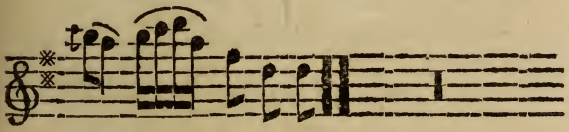

WILL ye gang o'er the lee rig, My
ain kind dear-ie, O, And cuddle there fu'
kind-ly Wi' me, my kind dearie, O?
At thor-ny dyke, or birk-en tree, We'll



daff, and ne-ver wea-ry, O; They'll



scug ill een frae you and me, My



ain kind deary, O.

Nae herd wi' kent or colly there,
Shall ever come to fear ye, O,
But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.
While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows
Wi' thee, my ain kind dearie, O.

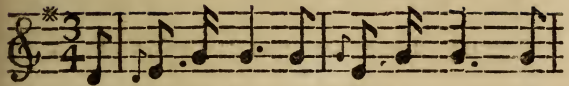
At gloamin, if my lane I be,
Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie, O,
And mony a heavy sigh I gie,
When absent frae my dearie, O:

But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
In ev'ning fair and clearie, O,
Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,
When wi' my kind dearie, O.

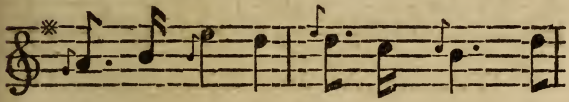
Whare through the birks the burnie rows,
Aft hae I sat fu' cheery, O,
Upon the bonny greensward howes,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.
I've courted till I've heard the craw
Of honest Chanticleerie, O,
Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,
When wi' my kind dearie, O.

For though the night were ne'er sae dark,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lee rig
My ain kind dearie, O.
While in this weary warld of wae,
This wilderness sae dreary, O,
What maks me blythe, and keeps me sae?
'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

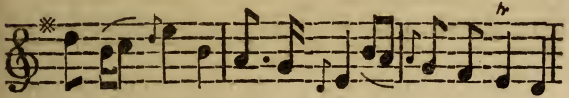
OSCAR'S GHOST.



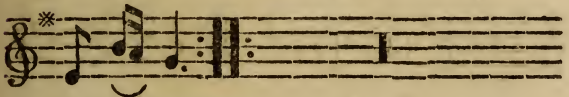
O SEE that form that faint-ly gleams! 'Tis



Os - car come to cheer my dreams: On



wings of wind he flies away; O stay, my lovely

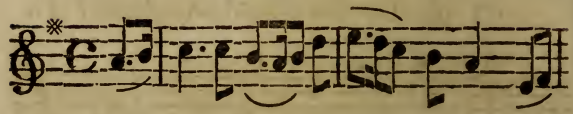


Os - car, stay.

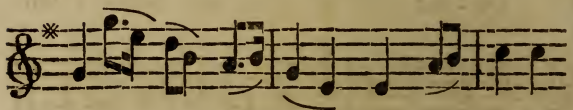
Wake, Ossian, last of Fingal's line,
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine.
Awake the harp to doleful lays,
And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,
Since gloomy Cairbar wrought his fall;
The roe on Morven lightly bounds,
Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

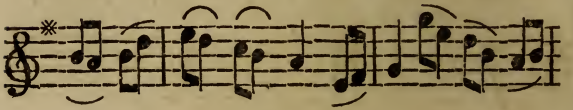
THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.



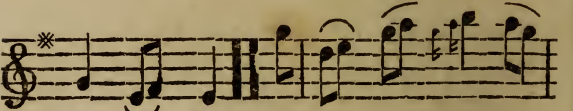
'Twas ev'n, the dewy fields were green; On



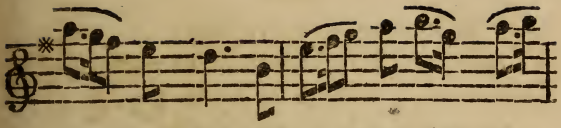
ev'-ry blade the pearls hang; The zephyr



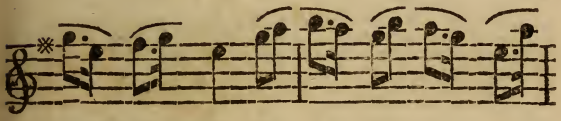
wanton'd round the bean, And bore its fragrant



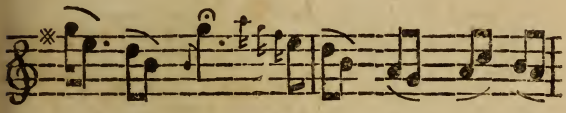
sweets a-lang: In ev'--ry glen the



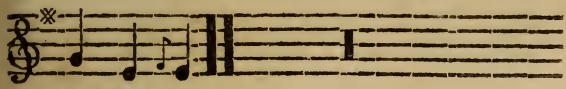
ma - - vis sang, All na - ture list' - ning



seem'd the while, Ex-cept where green-wood



e - choes rang, A - mang the braes o'



Ballochmyle.

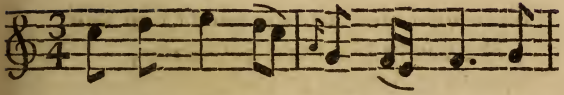
With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy :
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile ;
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
But woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

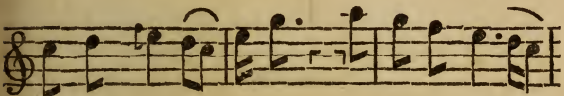
O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honour lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward sink the Indian mine.
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And ev'ry day has joys divine
Wi' the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

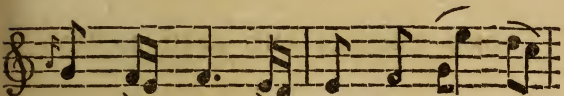
WILLY'S RARE.



WIL-LY's rare, and Wil - ly's fair, And



Willy's wondrous bonny; And Willy hecht to



mar - ry me, Gin e'er he mar - ried

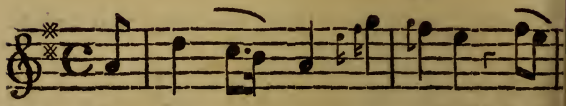
o-ny, O, Gin e'er he mar-ried o-ny.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid;
The night I'll mak it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter's night
I lie twin'd o' my marrow.

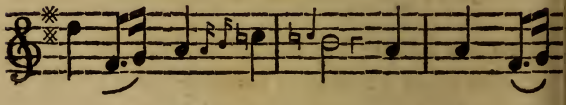
O came you by yon water side,
Pu'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow,
Syne in the clifting o' a craig,
She fand him drown'd in Yarrow.

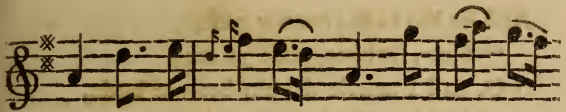
LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.



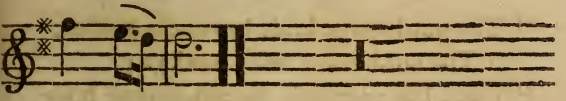
LORD Tho - mas and fair An - net, Sat



a' day on a hill; Whan night was



come, and the sun was set, They had not



talk'd their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill;
" O, I will never wed a wife,
" Against my ain friends will."

" Gif ye will never wed a wife,
" A wife will ne'er wed ye."
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And kneel'd down on his knee.

" O rede, O rede, mither," he says,
" A gude rede gie to me:
" O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
" And let fair Annet be?"

" The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
" Fair Annet she's gat nane;
" And the little bewtie fair Annet has,
" O, it will soon be gane."

And he has to his brither gane,
" Now, brither, rede ye me;
" O, sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
" And let fair Annet be?"

" The nut-browne bride has oxen, brither,
" The nut-browne bride has kye;
" I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
" And cast fair Annet bye."

" Her oxen may die i' the house, billie,
" And her kye into the byre,
" And I sall hae naething to mysell,
" But a fat fadge by the fyre."

And he has till his sister gane,
" Now, sister, rede ye me;
" O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
" And set fair Annet free?"

" Ise rede tak fair Annet, Thomas,
" And let the browne bride alane,
" Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alas!
" What is this we brought hame?"

" No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
" And marrie me out o' hand;

" And I will tak the nut-browne bride ;
" Fair Annet may leave the land."

Up then rose fair Annet's father,
Twa hours or it were day,
And he has gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay.

" Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,"
" Put on your silken sheene ;
" Let us gae to Saint Marie's kirk,
" And see that rich wedden."

" My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
" And dress to me my hair ;
" Whare'er ye laid a plait before,
" See ye lay ten times mair.

" My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
" And dress to me my smock ;
" The ae hauf is o' the Holland fine,
" The ither o' needle-work."

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind ;
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells
Were a' tied till his mane ;
Wi' yae tift o' the nor'land wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights
Rade by fair Annet's side,
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
As gin she'd been a bride.

And when she cam to Marie's kirke,
She sat on Marie's stane ;
The cleading that fair Annet had on,
It skinkled in their een.

And when she cam into the kirke,
She skimmer'd like the sun ;
The belt that was aboute her waist
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they were sae clear,
Lord Thomas he quite forgat the bride,
When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
He gae it kisses three,

And, reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite:
" And whare gat ye that rose-water
" That does mak ye sae white ?"

" O, I did get that rose-water
" Whare ye will ne'er get nane ;
" For I did get that very rose-water
" Into my mither's wame."

The bride she drew a lang bodkin
Frae out her grey head-gear,
And strack fair Annet into the heart,
That word she ne'er spak mair.

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wax pale,
And marvelit what mote be ;
But when he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood wroth waxed he.

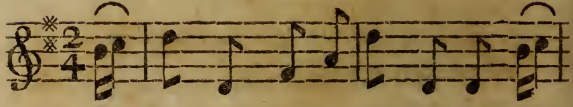
He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meit,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

" Now stay for me, dear Annet," he said,
" Now stay, my dear," he cry'd ;
Then strack the dagger intil his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

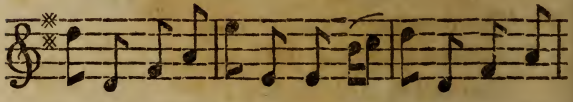
Lord Thomas was bury'd without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere ;
And o' the tane there grew a birk,
The ither a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare,
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvers deare.

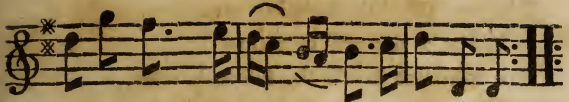
MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE.



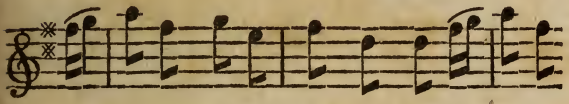
My love she's but a las - sie yet, My



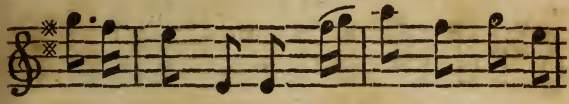
love she's but a lassie yet; We'll let her stand a



year or twa, She'll no be hauf sae saucy yet.

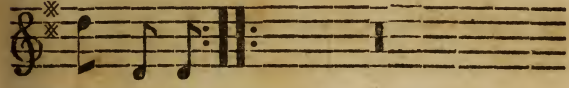


I rue the day I sought her, O, I rue the



day I sought her, O ; Wha gets her, need na

say he's woo'd, But he may say he's

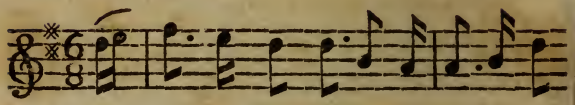


bought her, O.

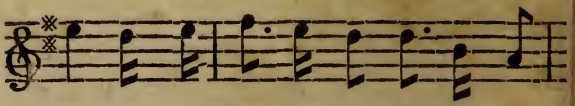
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never mist it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't:
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
He could na preach for thinking o't.

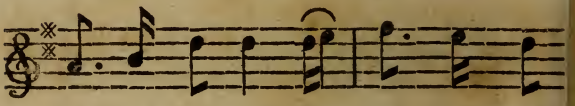
THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.



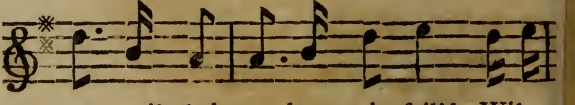
When war had broke in on the peace o' auld



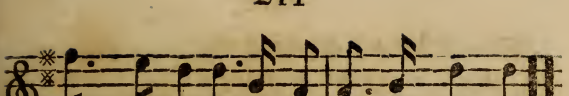
men, And frae Chel - sea to arms they were



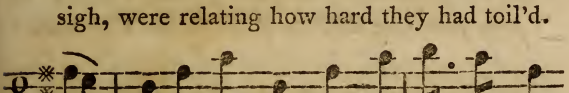
summon'd a - gain, Twa vet' - rans grown



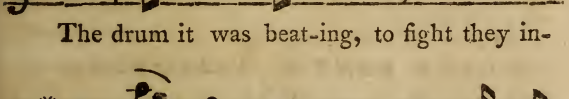
grey, wi' their muskets sair foil'd, Wi' a



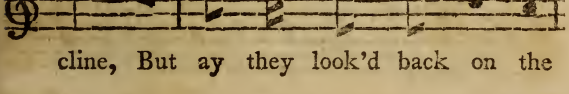
sigh, were relating how hard they had toil'd.



The drum it was beat-ing, to fight they in-



cline, But ay they look'd back on the



days o' langsyne.

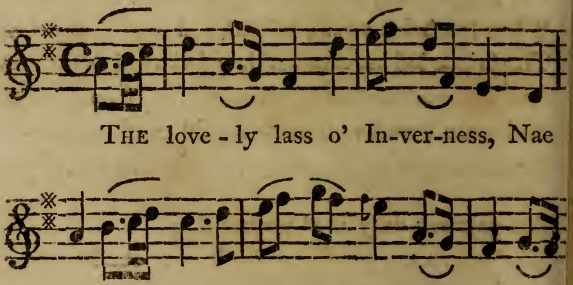
Eh, Davie man, weel thou remembers the time,
When twa brisk young callans, and just in our prime,
The prince led us, conquer'd, and show'd us the way,
And mony a braw chield we turn'd cauld on that day:
Still again I wad venture this auld trunk o' mine,
Could our gen'ral but lead, or we fight like langsyne.

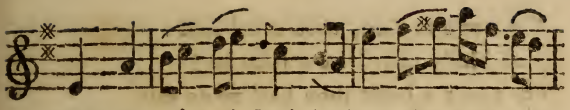
But garrison duty is a' we can do;
Tho' our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are
still true:

We car'd na for dangers by land or by sea,
For time is turn'd coward, and no you and me :
And though at our fate we may sadly repine,
Youth winna return, nor the strength o' langsyne.

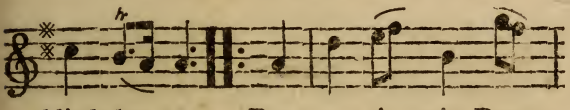
When after our conquests, it joys me to mind
How thy Jean caress'd thee, and my Meg was kind;
They shar'd o' our danger, though ever sae hard,
Nor car'd we for plunder, when sic our reward.
Ev'n now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,
And to share the hard fate they were us'd to langsyne.

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.

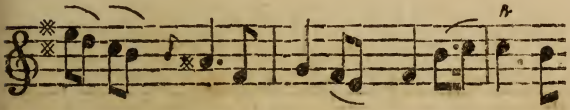




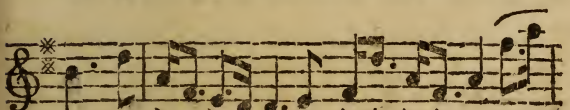
morn she cries, A-las! And ay the saut tear



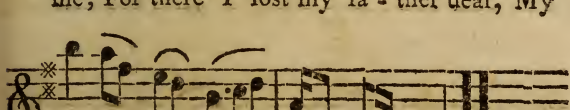
blinds her ee. Drum-os - sie muir, Drum-



os - sie day, A wae - fu' day it was to



me; For there I lost my fa - ther dear, My

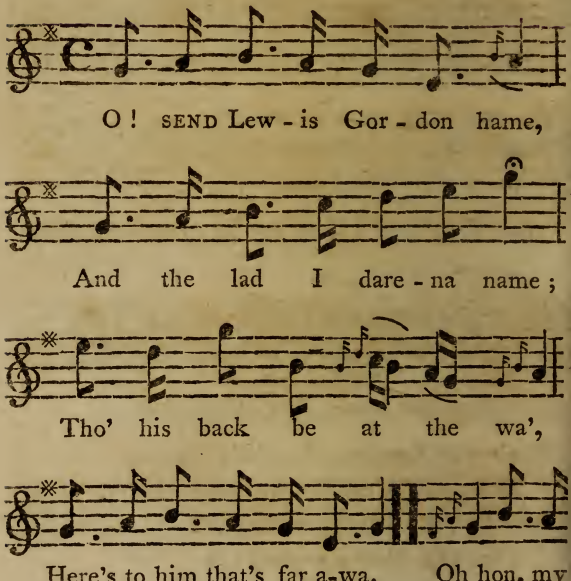


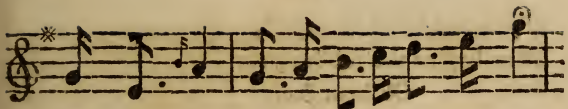
fa-ther dear and bre - thren three.

Their winding-sheet the bludy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee.

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord !
A bludy man I trow thou be !
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

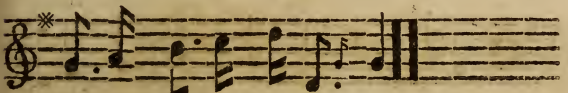
LEWIS GORDON.





Highlandman ! Oh, my bonny Highlandman !

Weel wad I my true - - love ken, A-



mang ten thousand Highlandmen.

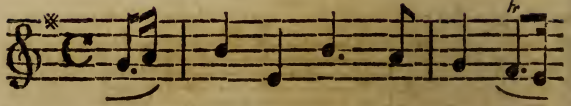
Oh, to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee,
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
Oh hon, &c.

The princely youth of whom I sing
Is fitted for to be a king ;
On his breast he wears a star ;
You'd tak him for the god o' war.
Oh hon, &c.

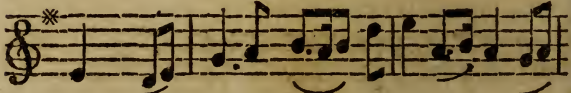
O, to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne !

Disasters a' wad disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year.
Oh hon, &c.

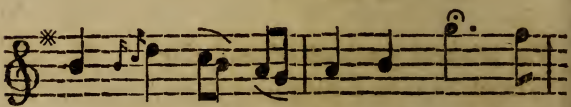
MY NANNIE, O.



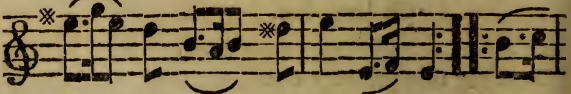
WHILE some for plea - sure pawn their



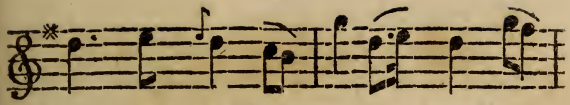
health, 'Twixt La - is and the bag - nio, I'll



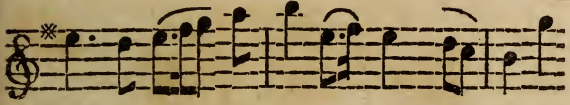
save my - self, and with - out stealth, Bless



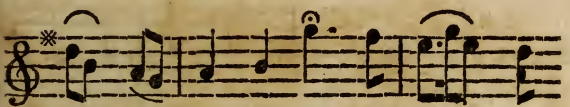
and ca - - ress my Nan-nie, O. She



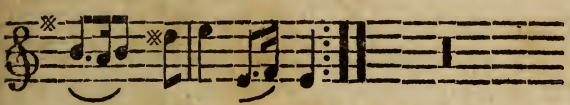
bids more fair t'en - gage a Jove, Than



Le - da did, or Da - nae, O; Were I to



paint the queen of love, None else should



sit but Nannie, O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely, O;
I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely, O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
Breathe in the blest Britannia, O,
None's happiness I shall envy,
As lang's ye grant me Nannie, O.

My bonny, bonny Nannie, O,
My lovely charming Nannie, O;
I care not tho' the whole world know
How dearly I love Nannie, O.

BEHIND YON HILLS.

TO THE SAME AIR.

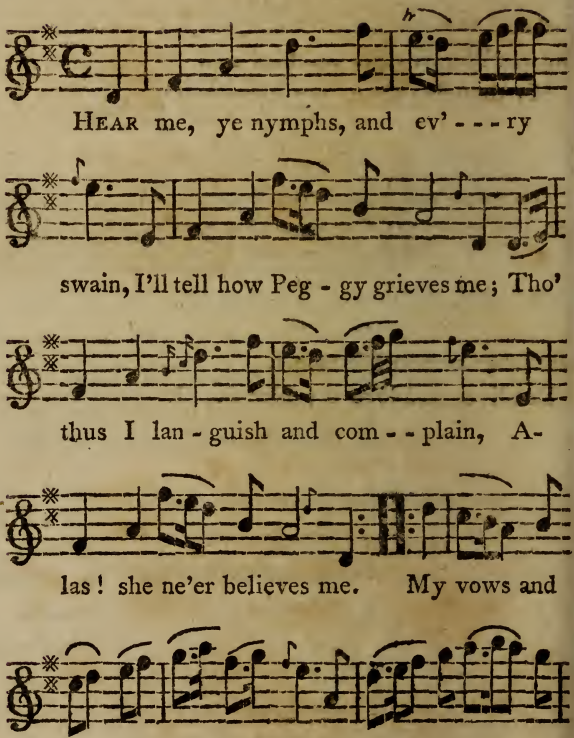
Behind yon hills, where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.
The westlin wind blaws loud and shill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And owre the hill to Nannie, O.

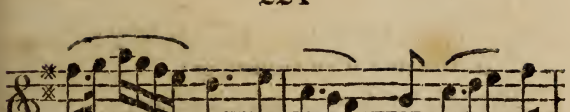
My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few there be,
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.
My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

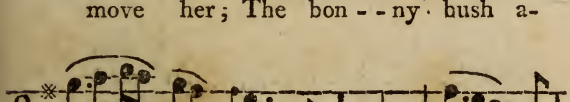
Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel, come woe, I carena by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life ha'e I,
But live, and love my Nannie, O.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

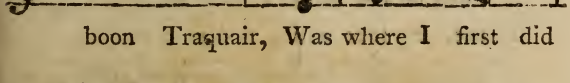

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev' - - - ry
swain, I'll tell how Peg - gy grieves me; Tho'
thus I lan - guish and com - - plain, A-
las! she ne'er believes me. My vows and
sighs, like si - lent air, Un-heed-ed, ne - ver



move her; The bon - - ny bush a-



boon Traquair, Was where I first did



love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender:
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame;
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May;
Its sweets I'll ay remember:
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in December.

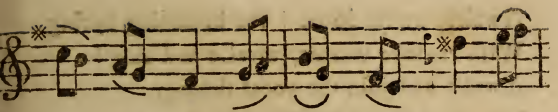
Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

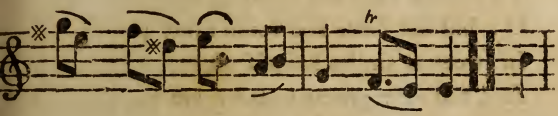
'Twas in that sea-son of the year, When

all things gay and sweet ap - pear, That

†

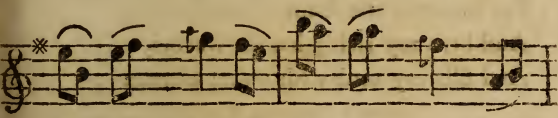


Co - lin, with the mor - ning ray, A-

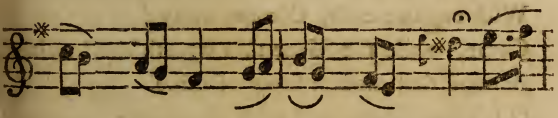


rose and sung his ru - - ral lay. Of

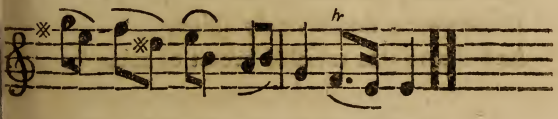
Nanny's charms the shep-herd sung, The



hills and dales with Nan-ny rung; While



Ros - - lin cas - tle heard the swain, And



e-choed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse ! the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing !
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song :
To Nanny raise the chearful lay ;
O ! bid her haste and come away ;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn !

O hark, my love ! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song :
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love ! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away !
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O ! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine !

THE ANSWER.

TO THE SAME AIR.

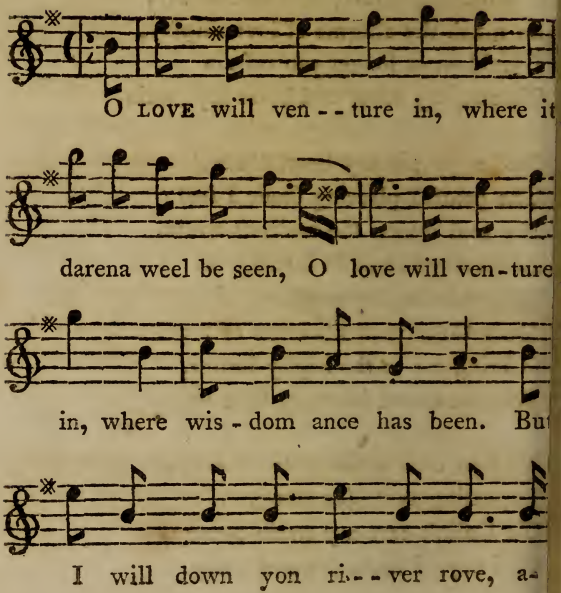
From Roslin Castle's echoing walls
Resound my shepherd's ardent calls;
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I should obey.
His melting strain, and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love display,
I yield—nor longer can refrain
To own my love, and bless my swain.

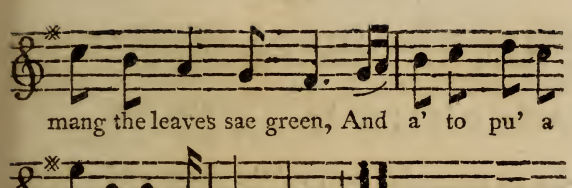
No longer can my heart conceal
The painful-pleasing flame I feel;
My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
And echoes back in love again.
Where lurks my songster? from what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love?
O bring me to the happy bower,
Where mutual love my bliss secure!

Ye vocal hills, that catch the song,
Repeating as it flies along,
To Colin's ears my strain convey,
And say, I haste to come away.

Ye zephers soft, that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the soothing tale;
In whispers all my soul express,
And tell I haste his arms to bless.

THE POSIE.


O LOVE will ven - - ture in, where it
darena weel be seen, O love will ven-ture
in, where wis - dom ance has been. But
I will down yon ri- - ver rove, a-



The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, (I will her ay esteem)
And a' to be a posie for my ain dear Jean.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when it glitters wi' the dew,
For its like a ba'my kiss o' her sweet bonny mou';
The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected mein,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

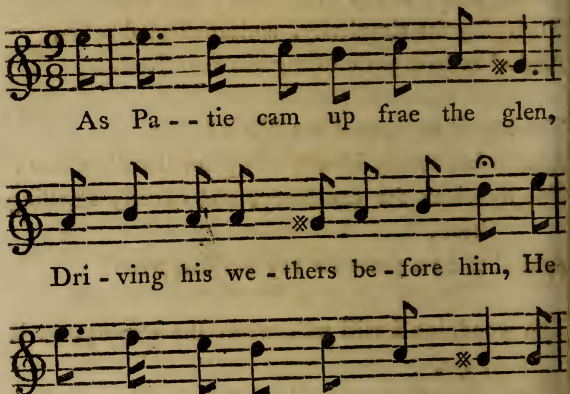
The lily is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely breast, I'll place the lily there;
The hyacinth for constancy, and sweetly smelling bean,
And a' to be a posie for my ain dear Jean.

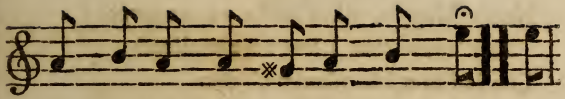
The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
I'll pu' the vi'let too, which weel she fa's to wear;

Wi' ilka flow'r on hill or dale, that's sweet or comely seen,
And a' to be a posie for my ain dear Jean.

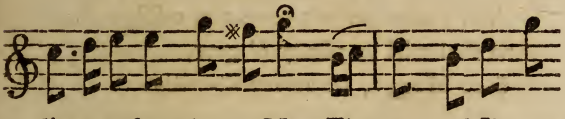
I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken cord o' love,
And place it in her bosom, then swear by a' above,
That to my latest breath o' life the band shall ay remain,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

PATIE'S WEDDING.

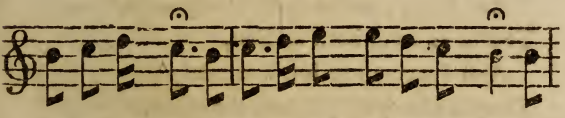




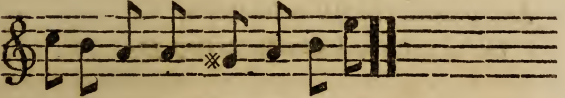
beau - ty was like for to smore him. O



dinna ye ken, bonny Meg, That you and I's gaun



to be married? I rather had broken my leg, Be-



fore sic a bar - gain miscarried.

Na, Patie; O wha's tell'd you that?
I think that o' news they've been scanty,
That I should be married sae soon,
Or yet should hae been sae flanty:
I winna be married the year,
Suppose I were courted by twenty;
Sae, Patie, ye need nae mair spier,
For weel a wat I dinna want ye.

Now, Maggy, what maks ye sae sweer?
Is't 'cause that I hae na a mailen?
The lad that has plenty o' gear
Need ne'er want a hauf nor a hale ane.
My dad has a gude grey mare,
And yours has twa cows and a filly,
And that will be plenty o' gear,
Sae, Maggy, be na sae ill-willy.

Indeed, Patie, I dinna ken,
But first ye maun spier at my daddy;
You're as weel born as Ben,
And I canna say but I'm ready:
There's plenty o' yarn on the clues,
To mak me a coat and a jimpy,
And plaiden eneugh to be trews,
Gif I get ye, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg,
I'se let a wee smacky fa' on you;
May my neck be as lang as my leg,
If I be an ill husband to you;
Sae gang your way hame e'now,
Mak ready gin this day fifteen days,
And tell your father the news,
That I'll be his son in great kindness.

It was nae lang after that,
Wha cam to our bigging but Patie,
Weel drest in a braw new coat,
And vow but he thought himsel pretty;
His bannet was little frae new,
In it was a loop and a slitty,
To tie in a ribbon sae blue,
To bab at the neck o' his coaty.

Then Patie cam in wi' a sten',
Said, Peace be here to the bigging.
You're welcome, quo' William, come ben,
Or I wish it may rive frae the rigging:
Now draw in your seat and sit down,
And tell's a' your news in a hurry,
And haste ye, Meg, and be done,
And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quo' Patie, my news is nae thrang;
Yestreen I was wi' his Honour;
I've ta'en three rigs o' braw land,
And hae bound mysel under a bonour:
And now my errand to you
Is for Maggy to help me to labour;
I think ye maun gie's the best cow,
Because that our hadden's but sober.

Weel, now for to help ye through,
I'll be at the cost o' the bridal;
I'se cut the craig o' the ewe
That had amaist died o' the side-ill;
And that will be plenty o' bree,
Sae lang as our weel is nae reisted,
To a' the gude neighbours and we,
And I think we'll no be that ill feasted.

Quo' Patie, O that'll do weel,
And I'll gie you brose i' the morning,
O' kail that was made yestreen,
For I like them best in the forenoon.
Sae Tam, the piper, did play,
And ilka ane danc'd that was willing,
And a' the lave they ranked through,
And they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd;
And when that the carles grew nappy,
They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,
Wi' a crack o' their thumbs, and a kappie.
The lad that wore the white band,
I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,
And he took the bride by the hand,
And cry'd to play up Maggie Lauder.

MARY OF CASTLE CARY.

Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye mine
ain thing? Saw ye my true love down by yon
lee? Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen, at the
gloam-ing? Sought she the bur-nie, where
flow'rs the haw-tree?

" Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white ;
" Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling ee !
" Red, red her lip is, and sweeter than roses :
" Whare could my wee thing wander frae me ?"

' I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
' Nor saw I your true-love down by yon lee :
' But I met my bonny thing late in the gloamin,
' Down by the burnie, whare flow'rs the haw-tree.

' Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-
' white ;
' Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling ee ;
' Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses ;
' Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.'

" It was na my wee thing, it was na mine ain thing,
" It was na my true-love ye met by the tree :
" Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
" She never loed leman till ance she loed me.

" Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary ;
" Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee.
" Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
" Young braggart, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee."

' It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary ;
' It was then your true-love I met by the tree.

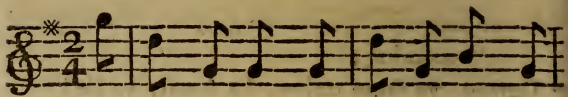
‘ Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
‘ Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.’

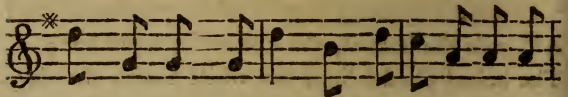
Sair gloom’d his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash’d the fire frae his red-rolling ee:
“ Ye’se rue sair this morning, your boasting and “ scorning;
“ Defend, ye fause traitor, for loudly ye lie!”

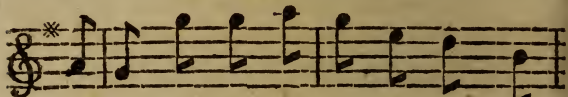
‘ Awa wi’ beguiling,’ then cried the youth, smiling:
Aff gade the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa’ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov’d maid wi’ the dark-rolling ee.

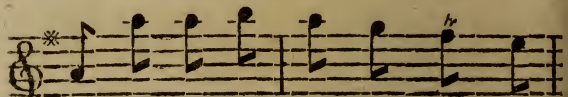
“ Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
“ Is it my true-love here that I see?”
‘ O Jamie, forgie me! your heart’s constant to me:
‘ I’ll never mair wander, my true-love, frae thee.’

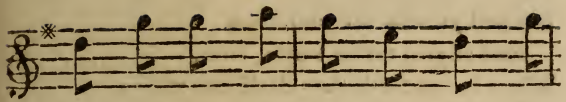
THE BATTLE OF SHERRA-MOOR.



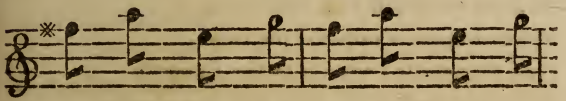




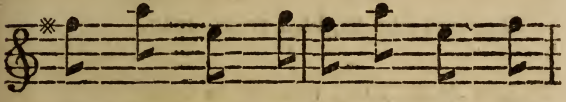




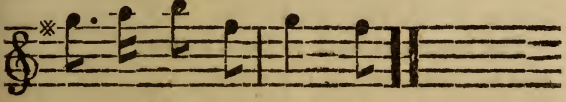
heart for fear gae sough for sough, To



hear the thuds, and see the cluds, O'



clans frae woods, in tar - tan duds, Wha



glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd, and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man.
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles;
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid swords clash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true-blues, man.
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge;
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath,
They fled like frighted dows, man.

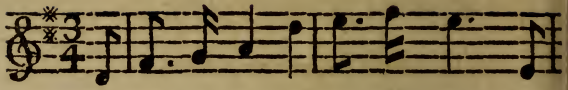
O, how de'il, Tam, can that be true?
The chace gade frae the north, man;
I saw, mysel, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight:
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And mony a hunted, poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man.

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man.

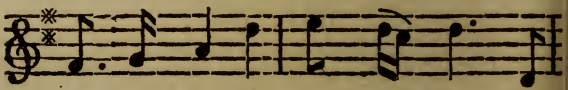
Their left-hand general had nae skill;
The Angus lads had nae gude will
That day their neibours' blude to spill:
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
And mony bade the warld gude-night;
Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,
How tories fell, and whigs to h-ll
Flew aff in frighted bands, man.

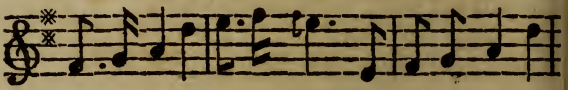
WALY, WALY.



O WA-LY, wa-ly, up yon bank, And

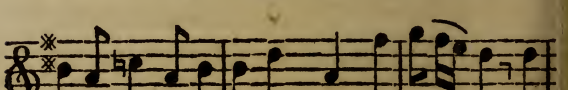


wa-ly, wa-ly, down yon brae, And

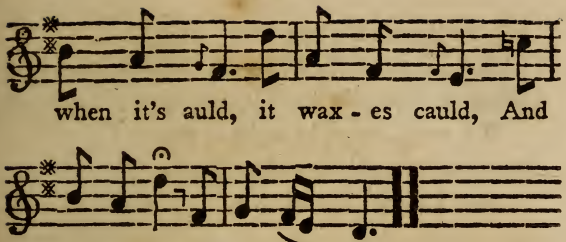


wa-ly by yon river side, Where I and my love

wont to gae. O wa-ly, wa-ly,



love is bonny, A lit-tle while when it is new; But



I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and then it brake,
And sae did my fause love to me.
When cockle-shells turn silver bells,
And mussels grow on ev'ry tree,
When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
Then shall my love prove true to me.

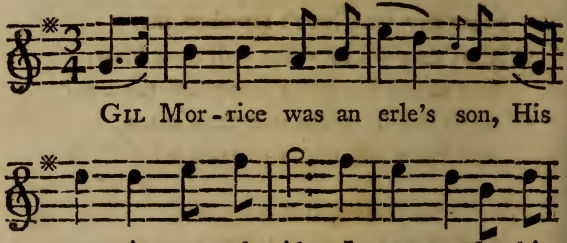
Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
St Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true-love's forsaken me.
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And tak a life that wearies me?

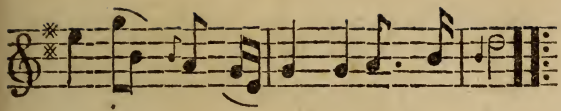
It's not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;

It's not sic cauld that makes me cry,
  But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
  We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in velvet black,
  And I mysel in cramasie.

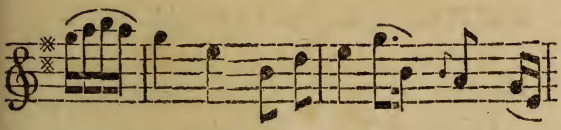
But had I wist before I kist,
  That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
  And pin'd it with a silver pin.
Oh! oh! if my young babe were born,
  And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel were dead and gane,
  For maid again I'll never be.

GIL MORRICE.

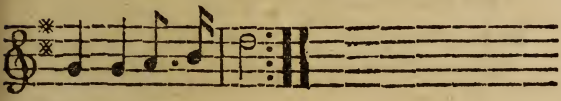




great rich - es, Nor yet his mei - kle pride;



But it was for a la - dy gay, That



liv'd on Carron side.

Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,
  That will win hoes and shoen;
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
  And bid his lady cum?
And ze maun rin this errand, Willie,
  And ze maun rin wi' speed;
Quhen ither boys gae on their foot,
  On horseback ze sall ride.

Oh no! oh no! my master dear!
  I daur nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld baron's,
  For to triest furth his wife.

My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie, he sayd,
How can ze strive against the stream?
For I sall be obey'd.

But, O my master dear! he cry'd,
In grene wod ze're zour lain;
Gie owre sic thochts, I wald ze rede,
For fear ze should be tain.
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' speid:
If ze refuse my high command,
I'll gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir tak this gay mantel,
It's a' gowd but the hem;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane but her lain:
And there it is, a silken sarke,
Hir ain hand sew'd the slieve;
And bid hir come to Gil Morrice;
Spier nae bauld baron's leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Tho' it be to zour cost;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ze sall find frost.

The baron he's a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt,
As ze will see, before it's night,
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun zour errand rin,
Sae sair against my will,
I'se mak a vow, and keip it trow,
It sall be done for ill.
And when he cam to Broken Brigue,
He bent his bow and swam,
And when he cam to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he cam to Barnard's ha',
Would neither chap nor ca',
Bot set his bent bow to his briest,
And lightly lap the wa'.
He wadna tell the man his errand,
Tho' he stude at the gait,
Bot straight into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were set at meit.

Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
My message winna waite;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wode,
Before that it be late.

Ze're bidden tack this gay mantel,
It's a' gowd bot the hem:
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by zoursel alane.

And there it is, a silken sarke,
Zour ain hand sew'd the slieve;
Ze maun gae speik to Gil Morrice;
Spier nae bauld baron's leive.
The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' hir ee;
Bot a' that she could say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae be.

It's surely to my bow'r-woman;
It neir could be to me.
I brought it to Lord Barnard's lady;
I trow that ze be she.
Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon her knee),
If it be cum from Gil Morrice,
It's dear welcum to me.

Ze lied, ze lied, ze filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I heire ze lee;
I brought it to Lord Barnard's lady;
I trow ze be nae she.

Then up and spack the bauld baron,
An angry man was he;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee,
Till silver cup and ezar dish
In flinders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe o' zour cliding,
That hings upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemman.
O bide at hame, now, Lord Barnard,
I ward ze bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wyte ze wi' nane.

Gil Morrice sat in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang:
O what means a' the folk coming?
My mother tarries lang.
His hair was like the threds o' gowd,
Drawn from Minerva's loome;
His lips like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snaw,
Gilt by the morning beam;

His cheiks like living roses glow :
His een like azure stream.
The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweet as the infant spring :
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vallies ring.

The baron cam to the grene wode,
Wi' muckle dule and care,
And there he first spied Gil Morrice,
Kaiming his zellow hair,
That sweetly waved round his face,
That face beyond compare :
He sang sae sweet, it might dispel
A' rage but fell despair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morrice,
My lady loed thee weel :
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet zier-the-less now, Gil Morrice,
For a' thy great bewty,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born ;
That head sall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaited on the strae ;

And thro' Gil Morrice' fair body
He's gard cauld iron gae.
And he has tain Gil Morrice' head,
And set it on a speir:
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gil Morrice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brought him to his painted bow'r,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady sat on castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and doun,
And there she saw Gil Morrice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Bot and that zellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair.
And she has tain her Gil Morrice,
And kiss'd baith mouth and chin:
I was ance as fow o' Gil Morrice
As the hip is o' the stane.

I got ze in my father's house,
Wi' mickle sin and shame;

I brocht ze up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
And fondly seen thee sleip ;
But now I'll gae about thy grave,
The saut teirs for to weip.

And syne she kiss'd his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin :
O better I loe my Gil Morrice
Than a' my kith and kin !
Away, away, ze ill woman,
And an ill deith may ze dee !
Gin I had kend he'd been zour son,
He'd neir been slain for me.

Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard !
Obraid me not for shame !
Wi' that same spier, O pierce my heart,
And put me out o' pain.
Since naething but Gil Morrice' head
Thy jealous rage could quell,
Let that saim hand now tack hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

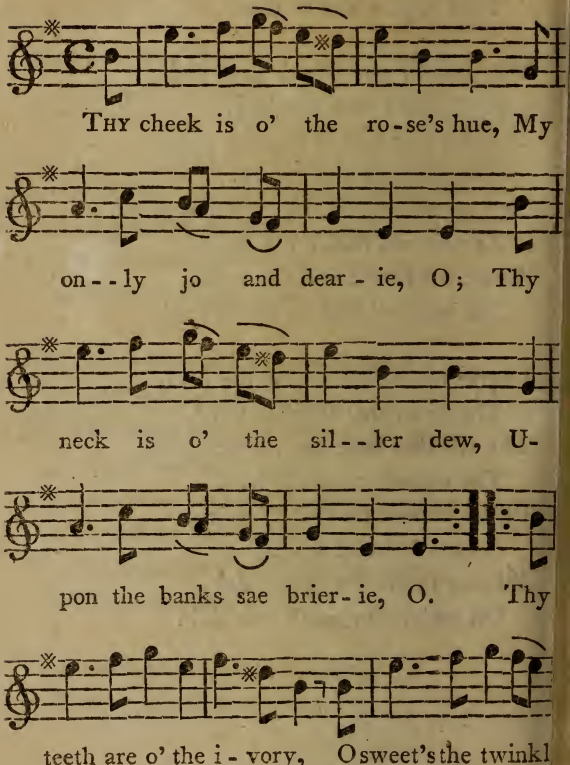
To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir prove true or kind ;

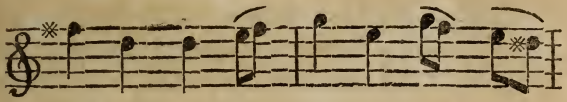
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enouch o' bluid by me's bin spilt,
Seek not zour death frae me;
I rather it had bin mysel,
Than eather him or thee.

Wi' waefou wae I hear zour plaint;
Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That eir this cursed hand o' mine
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour tears, my winsom dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
His heart's bluid on the ground.

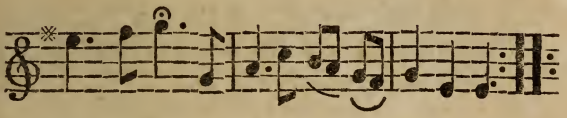
I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill,
The feit that bore me wi' sic speid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gil Morrice,
As gin he were my ain;
I'll neir forget the dreiry day,
On which the zouth was slain.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.


Thy cheek is o' the ro-se's hue, My
on--ly jo and dear-ie, O; Thy
neck is o' the sil--ler dew, U-
pon the banks sae brier-ie, O. Thy
teeth are o' the i-vory, O sweet's the twinkl



o' thine ee: Nae joy, nae plea - - sure,



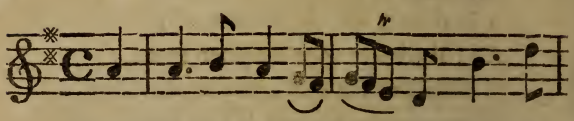
blinks on me, My on-ly jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie, O;
Ah! little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

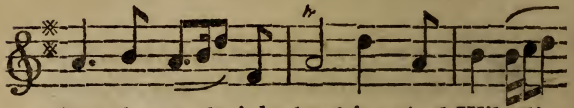
When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin bonny, O,
Aft we wad daff the li'elang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.
Aft I wad chace thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O;
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nae ither war'dly care I'd hae,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

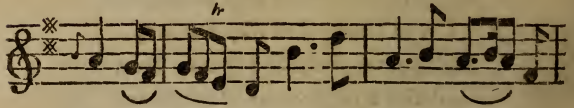
NANCY'S TO THE GREEN-WOOD GANE.



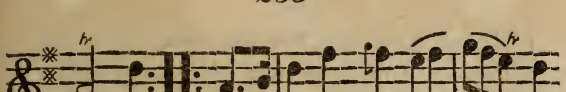
THERE Nancy's to the green-wood gane, To



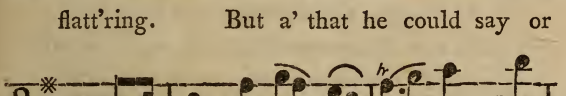
hear the gowdspink chatt'ring, And Wil - lie



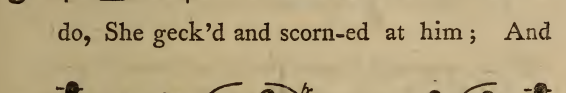
he has follow'd her, To gain her love by



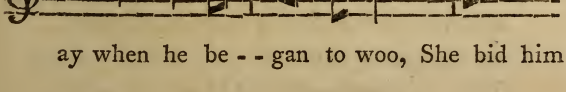
flatt'ring. But a' that he could say or



do, She geck'd and scorn-ed at him; And



ay when he be - - gan to woo, She bid him



mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my aunty?
Wi' crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail, and ranty-tanty:
Wi' bannocks o' gude barley-meal,
O' thae there was right plenty,
Wi' chapped stocks fu' butter'd weel;
And was na that right dainty?

Although my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a gude kail-yard,
A ha'-house, and a pantry;
A gude blue bannet on his head,
An owrlay 'bout his craigy;
And ay until the day he died,
He rade on gude shanks-naigy.

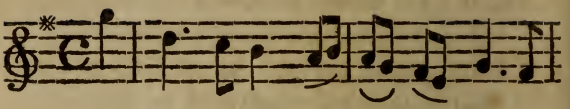
Now, wae and wonder on your snout!
Wad ye hae bonny Nancy?
Wad ye compare yoursel to me?
A docken till a tansy!
I hae a wooer o' my ain,
They ca' him souple Sandy;
And weel I wat, his bonny mou'
Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nancy! what needs a' this din?
Do I na ken this Sandy?
I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy.
His minny, Meg, upon her back,
Bare baith him and his billy:
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me, your winsome Willie?

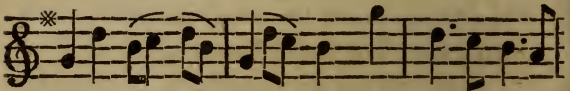
My gutcher left a gude braid sword,
Though it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith stout and trusty:
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout;
I ken he doesna fear ye.
Sae haud your tongue, and say nae mair;
Set somewhere else your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never shall get Nancy.

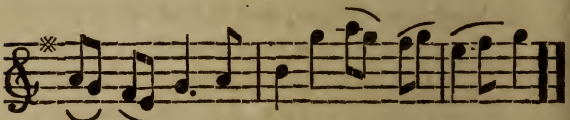
DAINTY DAVIE.



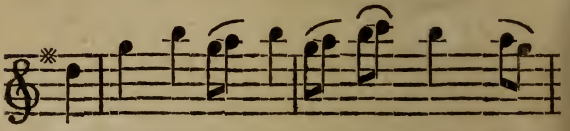
THE lass - es fain wad hae frae me, A



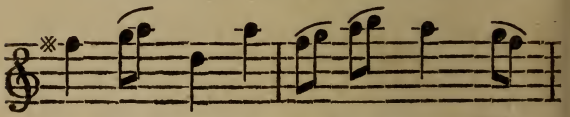
sang to keep them a' in glee, While ne'er a ane I



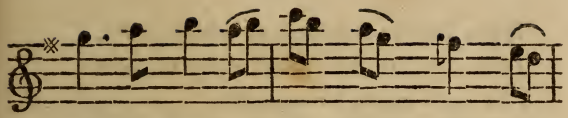
hae to gie, But on - ly Dain - ty Da - vie.



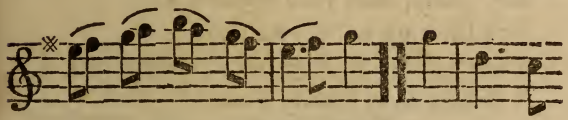
I learn'd it ear - ly in my youth, When



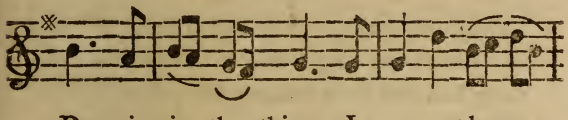
bar - ley bannocks caus'd a drouth, Whare



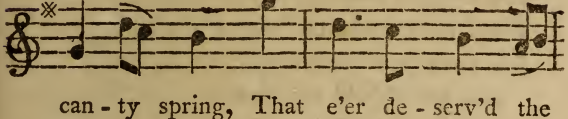
cro - nies met to weet their mouth, Our



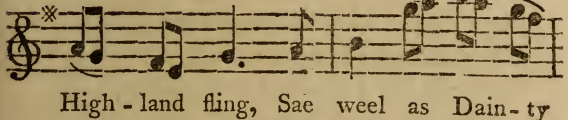
sang was Dain-ty Da - vie. O Dain-ty



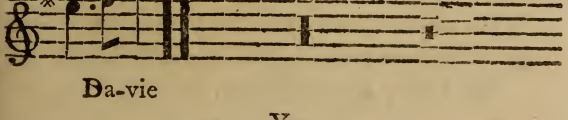
Da - vie is the thing; I ne - ver kent a



can - ty spring, That e'er de - serv'd the



High - land fling, Sae weel as Dain - ty



Da-vie

When friends and fouk at bridals meet,
Their drouthy mou's and craigs to weet,
The story canna be complete
  Without they've Dainty Davie.
Sae, ladies, tune your spinnets weel,
And lilt it up wi' a' your skill,
There's nae strathspey, nor Highland reel,
  Comes up to Dainty Davie.
    O, Dainty Davie, &c.

Though bardies a', in former times,
Hae stain'd my sang, wae worth their rhymes!
They had but little mense, wi' crimes,
  To blast my Dainty Davie.
The rankest weeds the garden spoil,
When labour taks the play a while;
The lamp gaes out for want o' oil,
  And sae it far'd wi' Davie.
    O, Dainty Davie, &c.

There's ne'er a bar but what's complete,
While ilka note is ay sae sweet,
That auld and young get to their feet,
  When they hear Dainty Davie.
Until the latest hour o' time,
When music a' her pow'r shall tine,
Each hill and dale, and grove, shall ring
  Wi' bonny Dainty Davie.
    O, Dainty Davie, &c.

NOW ROSY MAY COMES IN.

TO THE SAME AIR.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs,
To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs,
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.
The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wand'ring wi' my Davie.
Meet me at the warlock knowe,
Bonny Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithful Davie.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I'll flee to's arms I loe the best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me at, &c.

CHARMING CHLOE.

TO THE SAME AIR.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around on ev'ry tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe:
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise;
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

LUCKY NANCY.

TO THE SAME AIR.

WHILE fops, in saft Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
While sangs abound, and sense is scarce,
  These lines I have indited:
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear;
And yet wi' these fine sounds, I swear,
  The maidens are delighted.
    I was ay telling you,
      Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy,
    Auld springs wad ding the new,
      But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw wi' crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks,
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
  Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
My height o' ecstacy to prove,
Nor sighing, thus, present my love
  Wi' roses eke and lilies.
    I was ay telling you, &c.

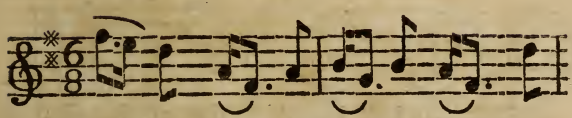
But stay, I had amaist forgot
My mistress, and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco fau't, I wot ;
But, Nancy, 'tis nae matter :
Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
And, ken ye, that atones the crime ;
Forbye, how sweet my numbers chime,
And slide awa like water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my rev'rend sonsy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy hauf-shut een and hoddling air,
Are a' my passion's fuel.
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see
Or love, or grace, or heav'n in thee,
Yet thou hast charms enew for me ;
Then smile, and be na cruel.
Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy ;
Dryest wood will eithest low,
And, Nancy, sae will ye now.

Troth, I hae sung a sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nancy !

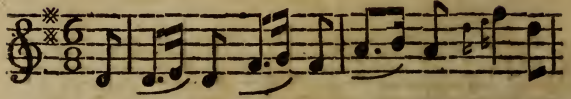
But if the warld my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken, I despise a sland'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.
Leeze me on, &c.

SWEETEST MAY.

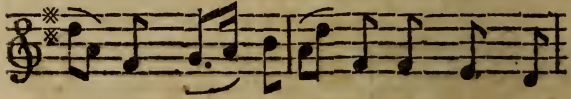

SWEETEST May, let love in - spire thee;
Take a heart which he de - signs thee:
As thy con - stant slave re - - gard it;
For its faith and truth re-ward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonny,
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it.

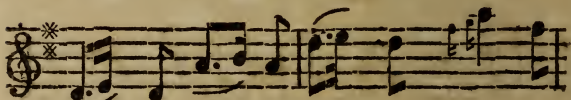
THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.



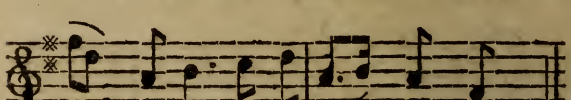
THE Lawland lads think they are fine, But



O they're vain and i - dly gau - dy; How

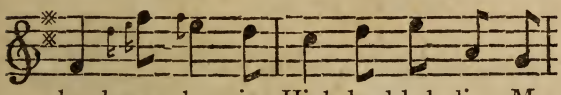


much un - like the grace - fu' mein, And

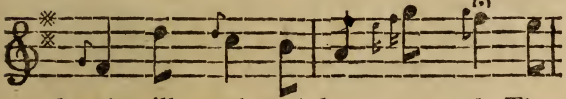


man - ly looks of my High - land lad - die.

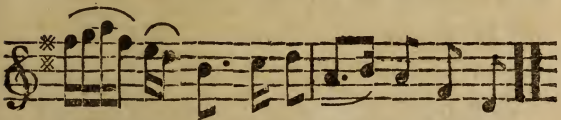
O my bon - ny High - land lad - die, My



handsome charming High-land lad - die; May



heav'n still guard, and love re - ward, The



Law - land lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows town,
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy;
Frae winters cauld, and simmer's sun,
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

TO THE SAME AIR.

THE Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're sour and unco sausy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd Highland lassie.
O my bonny Highland lassie,
My hearty smiling Highland lassie;
May never care mak thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in burrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks wi' patches mottie,
I'd tak my Katie but a gown,
Bare-footed, in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie,
Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
My flighterin heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

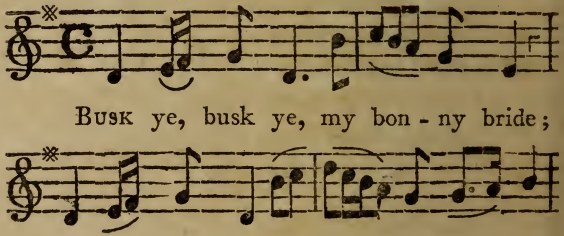
O'er highest heathery hills I'll sten'd,
Wi' cockit gun and ratches tenty,

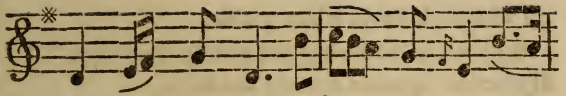
To drive the deer out o' their den,
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can weild my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fouk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
O my bonny, &c.

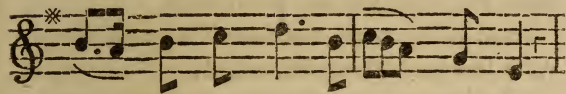
THE BRAES OF YARROW.





Busk ye, busk ye, my bon - ny bride, And

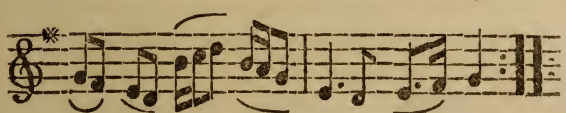
let us to the braes of Yar-row.



There will we sport and ga - - ther dew,

Dancing while lav'rocks sing in the morning,

There learn frae tur - tles to prove true: O



Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorn-ing.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blytheness appears o'er all the fields,
And Nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the burns, that trace the mead,
Though on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes wi' kind relenting:
O, queen of smiles! I ask nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

THE OLD WORDS.

TO THE SAME AIR.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;
Think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.
Where, where gat ye that bonny bride?
Where, where gat ye that winsome marrow?
'Twas where I daur nae weel be seen,
By the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
The birks upon the Braes of Yarrow.
Why does she weep, thy bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae weel be seen
By the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow,

And lang maun I nae mair be seen
By the birks on the Braes of Yarrow:
For she has tint her luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest youth
By the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?
What's yonder on the rueful stream?
What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash ye, O wash his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.
Then build, then build, ye sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waefu' wise,
Weep his fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye his useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His breast upon the Braes of Yarrow!
Did I not warn thee not to lu'e,
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, upon the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
And sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.
Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair thy luve;
In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was weel beluv'd again,
Than me he never lu'ed thee better.
Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
And lu'e me on the banks of Tweed;
Think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?

How lu'e thee on the banks of Tweed,
That slew him on the Braes of Yarrow?
O Yarrow fields, may never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover;
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he'd ne'er been a luver.

The boy put on his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my own sewing;
Ah, wretched me! I little kend
He was in these to meet his ruin.
The boy took out his milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But ere the toofal of the night,
Lay slain upon the Braes of Yarrow!

Much I rejoic'd, that waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That slew my luve, and left me mourning!
What can my barb'rous father do,
But with unfeeling rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, cruel man, then woo me?

My happy sisters, in their pride,
With bitter and ungentle scoffin,

May bid me seek, on Yarrow Braes,
  My luver nailed in his coffin.
My brother Douglas may upbraid,
  And try with threat'ning words to move me;
My luver's blood is on thy spear;
  How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

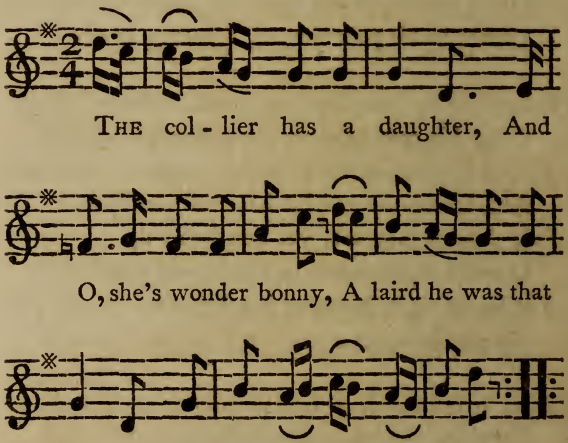
Yes, yes, prepare the bed of love;
  With bridal sheets my body cover;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
  Let in th' expected husband luver.
But who th' expected husband is?
  His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter;
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
  Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him down,
  O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
  And crown my careful head with willow.
Pale though thou art, yet best beluv'd,
  O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night between my breasts,
  No youth lay ever there before thee.

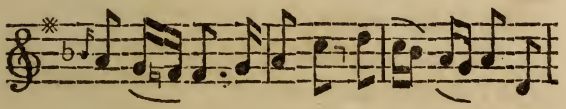
Pale, pale indeed, O luvely youth,
  Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter!

And lie all night between my breasts;
No youth shall ever lie there after.
Return, return, O mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow;
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs;
He lies slain on the Braes of Yarrow.

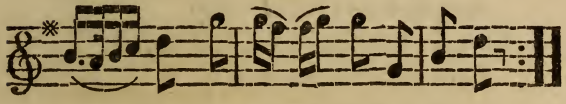
THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.



The tu - - tors watch'd the mo - tion Of



this young honest lover; But love is like the



o - cean, Wha can its deeps discover?

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The collier's bonny lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lily,
Ay sweet, and never saucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession;
His life was dull without her.

After mature resolving,
  Close to his breast he held her,
In saftest flames dissolving,
  He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
  Let naething discompose ye;
It's no your scanty tocher
  Shall ever gar me lose ye:
For I hae gear in plenty,
  And love says it's my duty
To wair what heav'n has lent me,
  Upon your wit and beauty.

BONNY LESLEY.

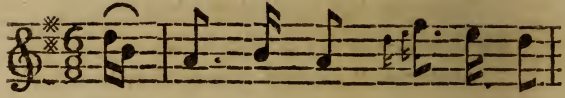
TO THE SAME AIR.

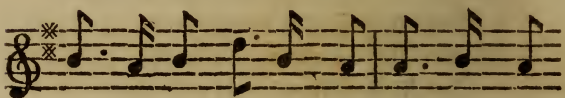
O saw ye bonny Lesley
  As she gade o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
  To spread her conquests farther.
To see her is to love her,
  And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
  And ne'er made sic anither.

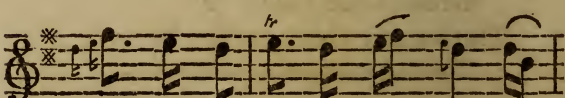
Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.
The de'il he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonny face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

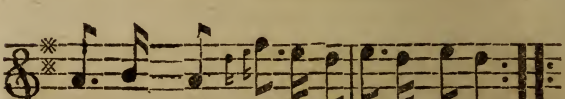
The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune shanna steer thee;
Thou'rt like themsels, sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonny.

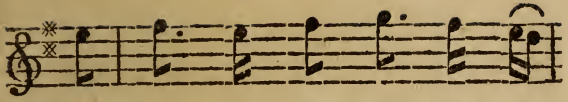
HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.



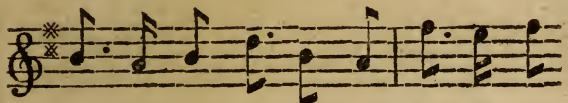




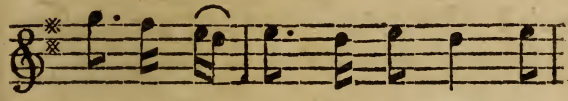




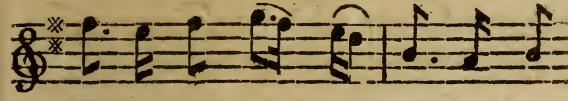
The moon's yel - - low light o'er the



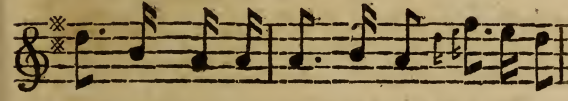
still lake is sleeping; Ah! near the sad



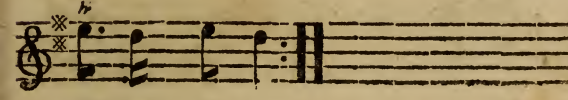
spot Ma - ry sleeps in her tomb! A-



gain the heart swells, the eye flows with

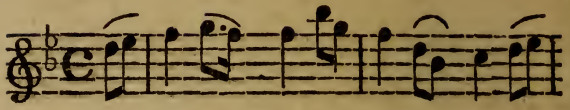


weeping, And the sweets of the vale are all



shadow'd with gloom.

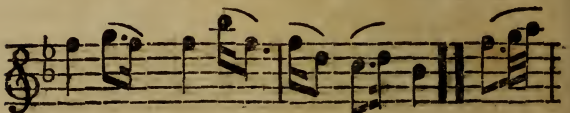
MY MARY, DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.



THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, That

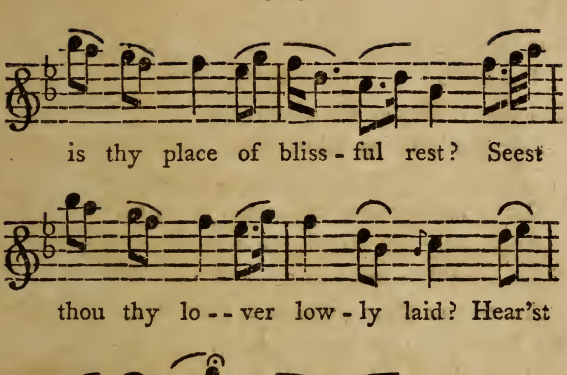
lov'st to greet the ear - - ly morn, A-

gain thou ush - er'st in the day, My



Ma - ry from my soul was torn. O

Ma - - ry, dear de - part - ed shade! Where



That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;

The flow'rs sprang, wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
  Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care ;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade !
  Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

FINIS.

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